

The Chinese Lantern

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

By

LAURENCE HOUSMAN

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Samuel French (Canada) Limited

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COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

A charming comedy in 3 acts. Adapted by A. E. Thomas from the story of the same name by Alice Duer Miller. 6 males, 5 females. 3 interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

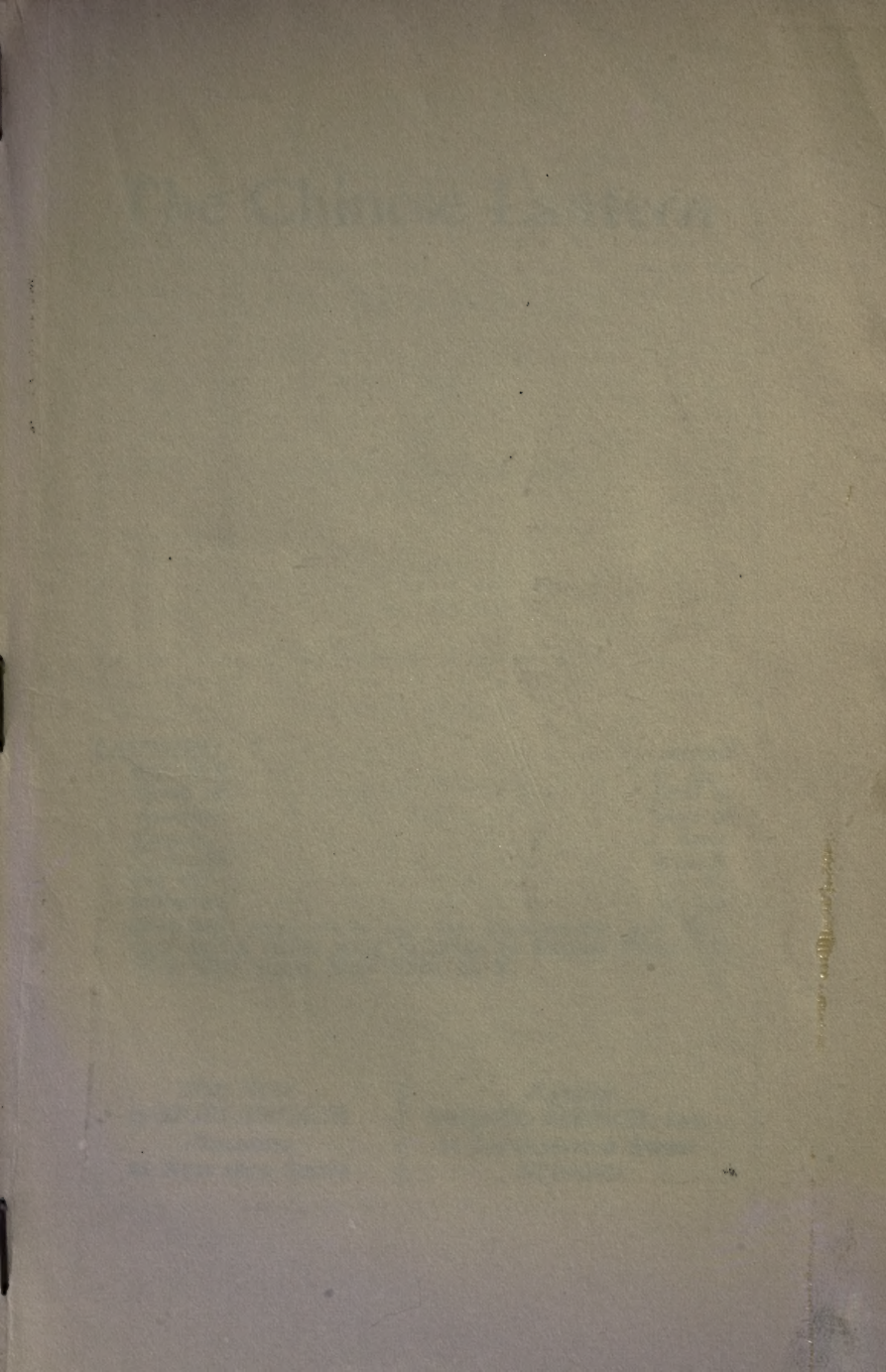
The story of "Come Out of the Kitchen" is written around a Virginia family of the old aristocracy, by the name of Daingerfield, who, finding themselves temporarily embarrassed, decide to rent their magnificent home to a rich Yankee. One of the conditions of the lease by the well-to-do New Englander stipulates that a competent staff of white servants should be engaged for his sojourn at the stately home. This servant question presents practically insurmountable difficulties, and one of the daughters of the family conceives the mad-cap idea that she, her sister and their two brothers shall act as the domestic staff for the wealthy Yankee. Olivia Daingerfield, who is the ringleader in the merry scheme, adopts the cognomen of Jane Allen, and elects to preside over the destinies of the kitchen. Her sister, Elizabeth, is appointed housemaid. Her elder brother, Paul, is the butler, and Charley, the youngest of the group, is appointed to the position of bootboy. When Burton Crane arrives from the North, accompanied by Mrs. Faulkner, her daughter, and Crane's attorney, Tucker, they find the staff of servants to possess so many methods of behavior out of the ordinary that amusing complications begin to arise immediately. Olivia's charm and beauty impress Crane above everything else, and the merry story continues through a maze of delightful incidents until the real identity of the heroine is finally disclosed. But not until Crane has professed his love for his charming cock, and the play ends with the brightest prospects of happiness for these two young people. "Come Out of the Kitchen," with Ruth Chatterton in the leading rôle, made a notable success on its production by Henry Miller at the Cohan Theatre, New York. It was also a great success at the Strand Theatre, London. A most ingenious and entertaining comedy, and we strongly recommend it for amateur production. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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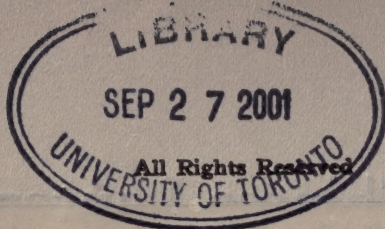
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AUTHOR'S NOTE

For acting purposes the art-talk of the students in Act I should be considerably curtailed. At any point preferred the babble of contending voices may rise to inarticulateness: then Li-long cries "Hush!" and Mrs. Back-of-the-House enters. The author requests that the last syllable of "Olangtsi" may be pronounced "sigh," not "see,"—the name being a camouflage for "Auld lang syne": also that the first "i" in "Tikipu" (however short-sighted he may show himself in life) be kept long.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

OLANGTSI *A Master of Arts*
 MRS. OLANGTSI (*called* MRS. BACK-OF-THE-HOUSE)

His Wife

YUNGLANGTSI *His Son*

1. PEE-AH-BEE

2. HAN-KIN

3. TEE-PEE

4. HITI-TITI

5. NEW-LYN

6. NAU-TEE

7. LI-LONG

*Students, Apprentices,
and Craftsmen*

JOSI-MOSI... *A Chinese Jew Rag-and-Bone Merchant*

COSI-MOSI..... *His Brother : a Money-lender*

TIKIPU..... *Bottle-washer and General Drudge*

MEE-MEE..... *A Korean Slave-girl*

WIOWANI..... *An Old Master*

Street-criers, Bailiffs, Bearers, Townsfolk, etc.

The Chinese Lantern

ACT I

A Chinese Studio with windowed walls of wood-work and oil-paper. At back of centre a dais, and behind that a picture showing an interior opening into a garden. In the foreground of the picture appears a hanging lantern, and below it a mandoline and a jar holding a spray of plum-blossom. To the right of the stage a sliding door opens into street: to the left stairs lead upward to interior; forward of that a door also to interior. It is morning: six or seven students squat, painting. Between every two of them is a small stand for paint-pots, brushes, etc. All are very lazy and desultory at their work: the only industrious one is TIKIPU, who, in shabby menial attire, grinds colours with weary persistence. The students yawn, stretch, and whine; and resume work in a perfunctory way at intervals upon shop-signs, lanterns, etc. On the dais sits YUNGLANGTSI, a mountain of indolent fat: sunk in profound slumber he squats before his easel. Street-criers are heard without calling their wares.

1ST CRIER. Only ten sen! Only ten sen! Any buy?

2ND CRIER. Ay-ay-ay-ay-ay-eh!

1ST CRIER. (Nearer) Only ten sen! Any buy?

HITI. The next person who asks me if I'll buy—I'll murder!

1ST CRIER. (*Intruding head*) Any buy?

HITI. Get out—Mosquito! . . . Oh, Tikipu, you stagnant fool, *do* keep them out!

(TIKIPU goes to shut door.)

NAU. If honourable Shivering-fit has that door shut, long-suffering Foresight will go mad.

HITI. Judging from its present whereabouts, Foresight will not have to go far.

NAU. Oh, brilliant, scintillating wit! What repartee!

HAN. O Firebrands of genius, don't make it any hotter than it is!

1ST CRIER. Only ten sen! Any buy?

(HITI gives a long-drawn sigh of exasperation.)

TEE-PEE pats his back soothingly.)

TEE. There, there, Hiti, cheer up! It will soon be over. The Feast of Lanterns begins at noon. Then, on the auspicious stroke, we shut up shop. Mr. Yunglangtsi, how does your august Serenity bear the inconsiderateness of this piffing heat?

LIL. Hush! Don't speak to him! He's inspired!

TEE. I see—as usual! The inspiration's getting permanent!

LIL. It is the incubation of the Event, Tee-Pee!

HITI.

Trust what the starry Oracles foretell:

Wait till the chicken taps upon the shell.

(He taps YUNGLANGTSI's head with his fan.)

YUNGLANGTSI snores softly)

NAU. O starry Oracles! Did you hear that?

(YUNGLANGTSI snores again.)

NEW. Ugh! When are the Sanguinary Event and the starry Oracle going to pay us our back wages? That's what I want to know.

HITI.

Look not to Heaven to make or mar
Your fortunes, ye that toil!
Who hung his pot upon a star.
His broth forgot to boil.

(He gets up and begins to roam round.)

NEW. When's the value of our antediluvian premiums coming back to us? What are we doing here now? Stuffing up our ears with stale old lectures we all know by heart!

HITI. What grovelling Curiosity can't make out is why they should be marrying him to *her*.

HAN. Why not?

HITI. Consider what she was—a little Korean slave-girl who couldn't even speak the language! And what is she now?—future bride of the incomparable Mr. Yunglangtsi, who sits there awaiting the fulfilment of his starry destiny—the Oracle which announces that he is to become the greatest of living artists.

LIL. Ugh! Olangtsi will have to be dead by then.

HITI. Not at all! Tiring of his exalted capacities he will hand them on to Yunglangtsi. It will be the occasion for a fresh lecture, as thus: "Gentlemen pupils, apprentices, and paid workmen . . ."

NEW. Unpaid workmen, you mean.

HITI. Sh! "Your immediate and polite attention.—" (At the word "attention" you will lay down your brushes, fold your hands submissively, and wait.) "In the instruction which it has been my honourable privilege to bestow all these years on your stubbornly benighted intelligences—" (At these words you bow your heads) (*hits fellow-student*

over head with a mahl-stick) (as an acknowledgment of what unprofitable Stick-in-the-muds you all are.) . . . "I have endeavoured to set before you the traditions of Wiowani, the greatest of all the ancient Masters, whose only surviving representative and follower I am—" (At the word "am" the complete Kow-tow is necessary), "and whose last and greatest masterpiece, entitled 'The Threshold of the Muses,' here hangs before you for your instruction." (At these words you all turn and look at the great masterpiece as though you had never seen it before.)

(General derisive applause. HITI in hitting at NAU-TEE knocks over paint-pot.)

NAU. There! that was *your* fault!

HITI. And *your* paint-pot.

NAU. Pah! Here, Swab, come and mop this foolish mess up! (TIKIPU obeys.)

NEW. What meek Interrogation wants to know is—when are we going to strike for our pay?

TEE. To-day, if we could catch him. He always keeps an honourable alibi when Mrs. Back-of-the-House is out.

LIL. *(To TEE-PEE)* Oh, I wish you wouldn't go putting your blue brush into my red, you purple idiot!

TEE. *(To TIKIPU, pushing him)* There, clumsy, clumsy! (TIKIPU stumbles.)

NEW. Don't spread yourself over me, you larded swine!

NAU. Get out, Goose-fat!

STUDENTS.	}	Mangle him!
		Crimp him!
		Dribble his ribs!

HAN. Oh! empty him away somewhere! Empty him away!

(They all beat and pelt TIKIPU back to his corner with pellets of bread, balls of paper, mahl-sticks, etc. PEE-AH-BEE throws a shoe at him. TIKIPU returns to his grinding with meek, dogged indifference. Enter behind, meanwhile, MEE-MEE carrying a water-lily on a stand, which with obeisance she sets on the dais in front of YUNGLANGTSI. She is retiring again when one of the students catches sight of her.)

TEE. Oh, Mee-Mee! *(Beckons to her.)*

MEE. *(Turning with a curtsey)* Ah!—say?

TEE. } Come and sing to us!

LIL. } Bring us some tea!

MEE. Plesently: my merciful and mighty Mist-less, hon'ble Mrs. Back-of-de-House, not gone out yet!

STUDENTS. *(Aghast)* Oh!

(Exit MEE-MEE.)

PEE. *(Who has not spoken before)* H'm! You all thought she'd gone; I didn't. Tikipu, you had better submissively behave yourself. Bring me that shoe!

(TIKIPU brings it. PEE-AH-BEE hits him with it and puts it on. HITI-TITI while roaming round the room picks up a sign-board with a hole in it, and considers it for a while with his back to the others.)

HITI. Hanky . . . Hanky-panky. . . . Does the honourable Mr. Han-Kin not hear?

HAN. Belated Politeness, did you speak?

HITI. Humbleness begs to inquire what Hoki-poki at the tea-shop said, when you took him his sign-board a month behind time?

HAN. He was out.

HITI. And so with honourab'le caution, to secure payment, we brought it back again?

HAN. No . . . we left it.

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HITI. And he, putting his favourable foot through it, has returned it. . . . A'low me to present you with the signed article:—The Hocus-pocus of Hanky-panky by Hoki-poki. (*Presents sign-board*) That's art-criticism!

HAN. (*Indifferently*) My usual fate: too good for the public taste.

PEE. Yes—so Mrs. Back-of-the-House thought. It was *she* who put her foot through it.

HAN. Elephant! Grey-mare elephant!

(*Attempts to preserve his look of high disdain.*)

VOICE. (*Without*) Anything to shell to-day?

Enter JOSI-MOSI.

JOSI. Any bits, chips, scraps, rag, bone, old clothes? Not any? Mr. Olangtsi seems not at home.

NEW. Well, if he is you can't see him. You take your judicious hook!

JOSI. Don't want to see him . . . Shay! no honourable gentleman got nothing to—er—to—eh? Not got any old oil-skins, any old frames, any old lanterns, any old pictures not quite de fashion? . . . any o'd . . .

HAN. Here! What will indigent Avarice give me for that? (*Offers damaged sign-board.*)

JOSI. Well, if you wash to throw in a pair of old shoes to pay me for my trouble. . . . Yes. . . . I'd take it.

HAN. Humble but conscious Merit is much obliged. If it means no business, exalted Abase-ment had better clear out. There's work going on here—see?

JOSI. Work?

NEW. Yes, *work*, unpaid, and over-time!

JOSI. Huh! Shunpose it wash *you* den, sittin' up here at work wid a light all last nigh, eh? and till de morning—and de night before dat too, ugh?

(TIKIPU stops guiltily, raises his head, and listens.)

TEE. Working all last ni——? Not in here?

JOSI. It wash in here!

TEE. Tikipu, don't you still sleep here? Who was that?

TIKI (With confusion) That was Mr. Olan-tsi. He's very busy getting his new picture finished.

LIL. At night!

TIKI. Yes!—but—but he doesn't want any one to know. . . . O honourable young Masters, he would be very angry were you to say I told you!

TEE. Does Mare's-nest-Invention mean to tell me that superannuated Capacity goes painting at night?

TIKI. Oh, yes . . . I know it. . . . Broken-slumber is kept awake by it.

JOSI. And all dat trouble over putting a bit of paint and paper togedder!

TEE. Painting is a wonderful art, Mr. Josi-Mosi.

JOSI. Ish it?

TEE. A picture is a very wonderful thing.

JOSI. Ish it?

TEE. Ycs . . . sometimes. . . . That picture illustriously behind you now,—you know the story about that?

JOSI. I knew dere wash a story: I never knew dat anybody believed it—except to keep up de price.

TEE. Ah! you should get Tikipu to tell it you! He believes it . . . don't you, Tiki?

TIKI. The Master himself tells it.

HITI. The Master himself owns the picture, stupid! But go on!—I always like to hear it.

JOSI. Yesh, go on!

TIKI. You see, it was very long ago. It is easy not to believe what happened three hundred years ago.

JOSI. Yesh—very eashy: I've found dat out. Go on!

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TIKI. Wiowani, the great painter, when he painted that picture, was old and tired of life, and he longed for rest. . . . So he painted a little porch, and a garden; and in the porch just one spray of blossom in an old blue jar to remind him of his youth, an instrument of music to remind him of song, and overhead a lantern to give light when it grew dark. . . . And when the picture was done the Emperor himself came to look at it. . . . And, as he looked, he said: "Oh, Wiowani, in there, it seems to me, is rest! Would that you and I could go and live in a place like that for ever!"

And while he spoke the lantern began to glow.
Softly shedding its light on the floor below.
And the garden beyond grew dim, form within
form,
But all the porch was brimming and bright and
warm,—
A home with its doors thrown wide for a well-loved
guest.
And out of the dusk of the garden a wind came,
blest
With the scent of flowers, all cool from the rising
dew;
And lo,—in its depth at last,—there, born anew,
The picture passed, and was changed to a world of
rest!

TEE. (*Derisively*) Oh, go on, Tikipu, go on,
go on!

TIKI.

Then, all at once, Wiowani reached a hand:
"Come," he said, "come with me! for this is the land
You seek, and thither I go!"
And into the picture he stepped, and turning slow
Watched to see
Whether the Emperor would follow, or no.

Follow? Not he!—Not having the soul
Of a painter, how could he reach the goal?
So Wiowani went in by the door,
Stood, and beckoned, then turned about
And vanished away!

And the light of the lantern faded out
As fades a star at the dawn of day;
And the picture was only a picture once more!

JOSI. Ugh! . . . It's a very intereshting shtory;
but I don't happen to want to buy de picture—even
with Mr. Wiowani thrown in.

HAN. That's a stupid story, you know. What
business has a picture with any perspective? You
might as well talk of walking into a piece of music
as walking into a picture!

HITI. Ah! you are an old-fashioned purist, Han-
Kin.

HAN. I'm not: I am simply a scientist. Latest
science says that you can't tell whether a thing is
flat or round at twenty feet distance from the eye.
Stereoscopic sight is a mere accident, and only
means that you have got too close to an object to
treat it artistically. Paint your foregrounds as if
they were twenty feet away, and keep your distances
as flat as the palm of your hand,—and there you
have art and science rolled into one!

TEE. Ah, Han-Kin has been reading the old
legend—the oldest of all—and he calls himself a
scientist!

HAN. What old legend?

TEE. How the gods of the first creation made
everything flat, and put it into a picture-book which
they called the Book of Life, so that they could
just turn over the leaves and amuse themselves
without any trouble.

LIL. Yes,—and then one day they left it out
in the rain, and it got wet and began to push out
of bounds, and grow and swell in all directions.

And so we got the world as it is—full of ups and downs, and behinds and before, and corners that you can't see round. Horrible, untidy, disgusting!

NEW. Well, but what can an artist do? He must copy it!

LIL. Copy it! Where does Repeating-pattern find art in that? Mere pig on pork *I* call it. What art has to do is—put things back into shape as the gods originally intended. Make your picture submissively flat—and there you've got religious art. A picture that looks as if you could walk into it makes me sick. Who *wants* to walk into it? Wio-wani was an exalted ass to my thinking.

HITI. Any way he wasn't an impressionist, that's one comfort.

HAN. And how does comforted Ignorance define an impressionist?

HITI. Any blinkered fool who can't see an outline, and couldn't draw it if he did.

(Grins through damaged sign-board.)

HAN. If presumptuous Incapacity imagines that innuendo can prevent art from following science—

HITI.	}	Follow science—fo'low fiddlesticks—follow its nose!
PEE.		Art can't follow anything: it's a law to itself.
LIL.		Art is the handmaid of Religion: Science has nothing whatever to do with it.
NEW.		Science be . . .
(Together)		

TEE. Oh, it's no use quarrelling about theories. We all paint either what we think will tell, or what we think will sell:—those are the only two schools I know of. If you are a naturalist, you paint pink flesh and green trees.

NEW. Naturally!

TEE. If a luminist,—blue flesh and pink trees.

HAN. Certainly.

TEE. If a symbolist,—green flesh and brown trees. If you are a vibrantist you see spots, if a chiaroscurist you see blots, if you are academic you use hard outlines and polished surfaces and call it “finish.”

LIL. No, I don't!

HITI. Yes, he does!

TEE. If an impressionist you avoid outlines, leave an accidental surface, and call it “quality.” But you all really *see* exactly alike——

ALL. We don't!

TEE. The thing is sometimes to avoid seeing. Pee-Ah-Bee does it by screwing his nose into his canvas and painting by his sense of touch.

HITI. Don't be touchy, Pee-Ah-Bee; your nose ~~was~~ there,—there's paint on it.

TEE. Hanky-panky does it at arm's length with his eyes shut,—finding his accidental effects so much better than his scientific ones. New-Lyn does it on sea-air and pilchards,—wears a tarpaulin, and paints with a catspaw in a south-west wind.

NEW. I do it on my own, anyhow!

PEE. While Tee-Pee's art consists in always starting brilliantly on some new sort of paper, putting his initials on it and then dropping it for another sort.

JOSI. And Mrs. Back-of-the-House does like Mr. Wiowani: as soon as a picture is finished she walks into it. *(General laughter.)*

LIL. Sh-h-h!

(Within the house MRS. OLANGTSI'S voice is heard raised in anger, loud and voluble. All slink back to their places. JOSI-MOSI shuffles off with his pickings to a corner. Enter MRS. OLANGTSI, followed by OLANGTSI. MRS. OLANGTSI threads her way through obsequiously shifted easels towards TIKIPU, and fetches him a box on the ear.)

MRS. O. Take that!

(TIKIPU winces, but goes on grinding, glancing round apprehensively as she retires. OLANGTSI follows at her heels, showing himself a careful understudy of her masterful ways.)

OLANG. Yes, that!

(Boxes TIKIPU as though the initiative were his own.)

MRS. O. (To Students) So you pretend you've all been hard at work, do you?

OLANG. Ay: you may pretend, but you don't deceive me!

TEE. (Ignoring OLANGTSI) August Lady, we were only correcting Tikipu for his persistent indolence. The commotion which you heard just now was caused by his resistance. We now perceive that correction on *our* part was superfluous.

OLANG. Superfluous? Of course! I can chastise Tikipu for myself—as much as I think necessary:—that is, with assistance from the right quarter. Gentlemen, your immediate and polite attention.

MRS. O. (To HAN-KIN, who endeavors to conceal sign-board) Yes—you'd better put it out of sight! Any more things like that, and out of this shop you go.

OLANG. Yes: anything more of *that* kind, and you leave my studio instantly.

MRS. O. Shop, I said.

OLANG. Studio is more correct.

MRS. O. Shop!

OLANG. Shop, as far as you are concerned, my dear; and—of course—shop as far as *he* is concerned. Understand:—

Out of this shop

Neck and crop!

That's a rhyme, my dear . . . I don't know any rhyme to studio.

MRS. O. Nor I. You'd better begin your lecture instead of wasting time arguing with me.

(MRS. OLANGTSI begins labelling a row of lanterns.)

OLANG. Yes, yes—as I was about to remark,—Gentlemen, pupils, and—and others, your immediate and polite attention. The instruction it has so long been my assiduous effort to bestow on your—ah slowly dawning intelligences, is to-day relaxed when at the stroke of noon we start to celebrate the Feast of Lanterns—the Feast of those lanterns which are so largely supplied from this emporium of the arts.

MRS. O. Shop.

OLANG. Yes—as I was saying—shop. But before we turn to scenes of distraction and relaxation I am here once more to remind you of your high and privileged calling in the traditions of Wio-wani, the greatest of all the ancient Masters, whose only surviving follower and representative I am, and whose last and greatest masterpiece here stands before you for your instruction.

(STUDENTS turn : NAN-TEE knocks over HITI's paint-pot.)

HITI. Propinquitous idiot!

OLANG. This august picture, as you all know—

YUNG. (*Awaking*) I want my tea, I'm waiting for my tea. Tea—Tea—Tea!

MRS. O. (*Going to inner door*) Mee-Mee, bring in the tea! (*To JOSI*) Oh, you are there, are you? Here, take this rubbish away! (*Gives him sign-board*) When's that money-lender man of yours coming? (*Aside*)

JOSI. Presently. He's going to see de public executions first: den he'll come.

YUNG. Executions? When are the executions, Josi-Mosi?

JOSI. Twelve o'clock, of course, before de Feasht commenshes. You'll see 'em: dey come dish way.

YUNG. Phwit! Ha—ha! (*Slaps his knee.*)

OLANG. Ach! you low fellow! That wakes you, does it? That amuses you! Oh, what's the use of trying to make an artist of you?

YUNG. (*Sulk'ly*) I didn't want to be an artist. I wanted to be a grocer. I *was* a grocer once. I am still.

OLANG. How dare you say so? How dare you?

YUNG. The certificate says so: I've got the certificate. See! That says—(*He produces certificate.*)

OLANG. It says nothing! (*Snatching it*) Your name is not on it.

YUNG. Because you painted it out!

OLANG. It no longer concerns you! In future you will please let it alone. (*Pockets it.*)

YUNG. You always disliked me, father!

OLANG. I didn't *always* dislike you! How dare you say that? I dislike your manners—who wouldn't? I dislike your appearance, I dislike your tastes, and I dislike your character. . . . More than that I—I—don't say.

YUNG. (*Whimpering*) He's taken my certificate!

MRS. O. What have you taken his certificate for? Let him have it if it amuses him!

YUNG. (*Whimpering still*) It was red: it had white letters on it, and it said—

OLANG. My dear, do you not know that in this country for a grocer to be also an artist is illegal? And can you not see that if you allow him always to go fancying himself a grocer he will *never* become a painter?

YUNG. (*Sobbing*) It said—

MRS. O. No, I can't; there's no sense in it! You are always saying what Art wants is imagination. Well—let him practise imagining himself a grocer.

(Enter MEE-MEE from house)

YUNG. *(Weeping)* It said I was to be a grocer, not an artist!

MRS. O. *(To JOSI)* Here, you can go! Tell him—as soon after twelve as he can.

JOSI. I'll bring him. *(Exit JOSI-MOSI.)*

MEE. Will any of yo' Condescensions tea? Have some? *(To YUNGLANGTSI, who on taking it stops weeping)* t'ank! . . . Have some? . . . t'ank! *(She goes around offering to all in turn in the same word)* Have some? . . . t'ank!

MRS. O. *(Aside to OLANGTSI)* See that they are all gone before he comes!

OLANG. Gone? Gone? I shan't be able to get them to go—not till I have paid them!

MRS. O. Yes, you will—there's the execution. Say you'll pay them to-night.

OLANG. I've said that sometimes before.

MRS. O. Say it again! If they don't believe you, you can shout it; if they still don't believe you—whisper it.

(MEE-MEE, coming behind, waits for MRS. OLANGTSI's attention.)

OLANG. Will that——?

MRS. O. Yes, if you do it properly.

MEE. High hon'ble Mrs. Back-of-de-House not have any?

MRS. O. No! Take it away!

MEE. Not any next nice new order? No? T'ank!

(Crosses to TIKIPU. He shakes his head apprehensively.)

MRS. O. What are you doing there?

MEE. Mos' hon'ble! only to make it go de whole way roun'—not to waste it.

MRS. O. Take it away! Go and get my shoes ready, and my big sunshade, so that I can get out before the shops shut. (*Exit MEE-MEE*) Tikipū, as soon as you've done what you are at, take round those lanterns: the labels are all on them. Don't leave them at the wrong doors; and mind, whatever they say, you're to wait for the money.

OLANG. Yes, recollect you are to wait for the money.

MRS. O. Now, Olangtsi, you can get on with your lecture, and be done with it before I come back. (*Exit into house.*)

(*Signal passes between apprentices and craftsmen: they fold up their easels.*)

OLANG. Gentlemen, your immediate and polite attention. . . . Where was I? What had I got to?

NEW. "Wait for the money" was Eloquence's last hopeful remark. It is what we are all doing now.

OLANG. Silence!

LIL. Mr. Olangtsi, we do not want your lecture! We want our wages: those wages which, Apology begs to point out, are in honorable arrears.

OLANG. Of course, of course! Well, you shall have your money. (*They extend their palms*) Do you think that I am not going to pay you?

HAN. No . . . on the contrary—we think that you are!

OLANG. You shall be paid to-night.

TEE. It will then be the Feast, during which, as Affluence is no doubt honorably aware, no legal debt is recoverable. Mr. Olangtsi, labor itself is pleasing to us, but the needful is also necessary. How can we feast if our pockets are empty?

OLANG. (*Shouts*) I tell you—you shall be paid to-night.

PEE. By to-night Mrs. Back-of-the-House will have returned. Considerate Master, it makes a difference: before you we can uplift the voice of complaint which at the blast of *her* nostrils becomes dumb.

OLANG. (*Whispering*) I tell you, you shall be paid to-night.

HAN. (*After gathering the approval of the others*) We accept. But as an honorable precaution—since in the meanwhile Mrs. Back-of-the-House may have returned—we will save Scrub-and-run-errands the trouble of delivering those lanterns. We will deliver them ourselves—and collect the money!

OLANG. Indeed you will do no such thing! Tikipu, take in those lanterns!

(TIKIPU is set upon. He holds the lanterns over his head. His arm is dragged down.)

OLANG. But, gentlemen, this will be very awkward for me! I consider it a most—a most ungentlemanly proceeding! When my wife hears of it she will——

(*Re-enter* MRS. OLANGTSI. *They all collapse back into their places*)

MRS. O. Tikipu, bring on those lanterns and call a coolie. I'll see to them myself. (*Exit* TIKIPU *with lanterns*) Oh, so the lecture's finished, is it? Well, then, you'd better all get on with your work; and you, Olangtsi, you come with me! . . . You can all go at twelve.

(*Meekly followed by* OLANGTSI, *she sallies forth into street*)

TEE. Well, really!

HAN. If that green Elephant thinks that she can trample upon me!

HITI. Dear Hanky-pancake—she has done it!

LIL. Oh, don't talk about it, it's too consecutively sickening!

(Enter MEE-MEE. *She clears away cups, looking inquiringly at each student as she does so*)

MEE. H'm! Me t'ink you all velly sad to-day?

TEE. (*Lugubriously*) It's the Feast of Lanterns, Mee-Mee.

MEE. H'm! Dat not sad.

NEW. Yes it is, if you've no money to spend on it.

(*Re-enter* TIKIPU. *He goes back to his work, ignoring MEE-MEE*)

MEE. What for you want to spend money? You talk, you walk, you run about and you play, you sing and you dance. Dat evellyt'ing to make you happy—in de worl'.

LIL. How can one sing if one has nothing to sing about?

MEE. You sing about yo'self. All de worl' sing about itself: how nice to be oneself. Dat not true? *I sing—I show you! (She prepares centre of stage for dance and song)* Dis goin' to be velly beautiful, but it cost not'ing! Dere's a river; dere's a lily; an' dis is me—and dere is you all lookin' like ducks on de water. Yes . . . Now!

(*Takes guitar and sings.*)

"Will you have a sing-song, a lill'-song, a long-song?"

Cly de ducks aquacking on de Ying-Kai banks.

Any song dat *you* sing—sho' to be de wrong song?

"S'all I no sing you any song?"—No, t'anks!

Lill' golden lily, dat is lying in de water,

Golden lily willy-nilly holding to de banks;
 Lift up yo' head an' see de Chi'man's daughter;
 Tip-toe she go—just so. No, t'anks!
 Lill' golden lily, wid yo' open eye a-winking,
 All de while you wonder why de worl' so ill at ease!
 What has yo bren hopin' fo'? What has you been
 t'inking? What you say you want! Pick-me-
 quick? Yes, please!

(*Speaks*) Lill' golden lily! Ah, ho! (*She picks the flower and puts it into her hair*) Dat's all you'll hear about it *dis* time. Wish you so happy Feast! Goo'-bye! (*Runs off laughing.*)

STUDENTS. Mee-Mee, come back! Mee-Mee, Mee-Mee!

YUNG. (*Awaking*) Who was making that beastly row? (*Drums of execution-procession are heard*) What's that?

TEE. (*Looking out*) It's the execution! Ah ha! Here they come!

YUNG. Who-whoop! Who-whoop!

(*Exeunt all, except TIKIPU, in great haste.*)

(TIKIPU throws himself forward over the stand where he has been grinding, and buries his face in his arms. Enter MEE-MEE: she advances sympathetically, but timidly.)

MEE. Tiki . . . Tikipu . . . Have dey been beating you again? Eh? (*Goes up to him*) Tiki, what is you clying for? (*Touches him*) You clying?

TIKI. (*Rousing himself with an effort*) No, I wasn't crying, Mee-Mee; I was only asleep. . . . Crying! Ha! (*He gets up*) Every one gone?

MEE. Yes . . . dere's de to-be-made-dead men jus' gone by! . . . Oh, hear! Oh, see! (*She runs to door and peeps out. TIKIPU crosses to picture*

and sits gazing at it) Oh, look, Tiki! dere's a big pig lying asleep out in de street! All de people go by—he not care—he sleep.

TIKI. H'm. . . . Like Yungtangtsi—eh?

MEE. Oh . . . you *wicked*! Hee, hee, hee! Yes! —he Yunglangtsi—just dat! . . . (*To the pig outside*) Say! You waitin' for yo' little wife to come? Plaps she mally some one else while you waitin', eh? Grrr! Grrrr! (*She shuts door*) Hee, hee, hee, hee! You don't like Yunglangtsi?

TIKI. (*Yawning*) Do you?

MEE. Mm-yah! When he sleep he seem velly nice. Me not like him, plaps, if he wake too much! . . . Tiki! you 'sleep, too? . . . Say?—you sittin' up all las' night?

TIKI. Sitting up?

MEE. (*Nods*) M'm . . . she know: she lie awake an' watch de light, den she go to sleep—plaps: den she wake. . . . De light still dere . . . Tiki! what de matter wid you? (*Shakes him*) Is you in love?

TIKI. (*Rousing himself*) In lo . . . Oh! it's no use telling you, Mee-Mee; you wouldn't understand. You are only a woman.

MEE. H'm. . . . Onl' . . . Dat velly big only! . . . dat half de worl'. . . . What is yo'self? . . . Only a man! You isn't quite a man yet—else you never say foolish t'ing like dat! . . . "Only!"

TIKI. Ah, well! I mean it's a secret, something you don't know anything about. There are many mysteries in the world, Mee-Mee. This one is mine.

MEE. Mistless—yo' mistless? Some one bigger than Mrs. Back-of-de-House?

TIKI. Yes, bigger than Mrs. Back-of-the-House!

MEE. Dat possible? No! . . . Tiki . . . ?

TIKI. Yes? Well?

MEE. Me got secler too; one gleat big secler! And oh—so nice! . . . One you not know, Tiki

. . . eh? . . . Man dat sol' me know . . . man dat bought me know. Nobody else know at all. . . . Me velly vallable!

TIKI. (*Indifferently*) Oh, I daresay! . . . Here! Mee-Mee! stay as you are! (*Takes up drawing-board from YUNGLANTSI'S easel*) I'll draw your portrait. This is Yunglangtsi's, there's nothing on it. He'll think he did it in his sleep.

(*He begins sketching. She stands smiling.*)

MEE. H'm. T'ink he's bin havin' nice dream, den!

TIKI. What was it brought you here, Mee-Mee?

MEE. Money.

TIKI. What? D'you mean to say you've got money?

MEE. Not no—not'ing dat kind, leas' little bit at all.

TIKI. But you said——

MEE. No—say not'ing like dat!—Me bought wife for dat man's son to mally. Not nice thought dat, eh, what?

TIKI. But why ever does he want to marry *you*, Mee-Mee?

MEE. H'm, dat my lill' secler! Though me got no money left, me born under Star. Star say,—man dat mally me gleat artis'. He no artis' now, eh? He only got to mally me—den he become! See?

TIKI. Oh! So that is why he always sits idle and never works? It's all going to be done for him?

MEE. Yes, so! Jus' waitin' fo' me to come and make him big artis'.

TIKI. And when is that to be?

MEE. When de Star come say right time—den mally.

TIKI. How soon?

MEE. Oh! not for long time yet—t'ree year.

THE CHINESE LANTERN

TIKI. I suppose the Star makes the date very particular?

MEE. Evelybody velly particular. Me not velly particular. Gleast artis' not velly good husband, me t'ink.

TIKI. Oh, yes! Why not? Look at Mr. Olangtsi! He's a very good husband, in a way.

MEE. He gleat artis'?

TIKI. He *was*, Mee-Mee, he's a little old now.

MEE. He mally under star, eh?

TIKI. No: he married under an eclipse, I fancy. Only don't say I said so. There! that's finished now. *(He puts down drawing-board.)*

MEE. Oh, dat wonderful!

TIKI. Don't you tell, mind! Now off with you! We'll leave it here for Yunglangtsi. *(Starts tidying up)* Some one's coming, Mee-Mee.

(Exit MEE-MEE, TIKIPU passes into pantry.)

(Enter JOSI-MOSI and COSI-MOSI)

JOSI. Any one in? . . . Come in, Coshi. . . . Dere'sh only de boy! Take a look at de furniture now you've got de chance. Dat's de picture—over dere. . . . And don't forget you give me ten per shent on what you make from de introduction, Coshi.

COSI. That won't do. 'Tisn't worth it. Five.

JOSI. Coshi, I'm your only broder; shplit de difference and make it nine.

COSI. What's the good of your being my brother, when you are so shabby I can't own you.

JOSI. Ugh! Dere ain't much to choose between you and me for shabbiness, Coshi; I've got a shabby coat, but you've got a shabby shoul! . . . How much did you shay? *(TIKIPU re-enters.)*

COSI. Five's my figure.

JOSI. Five's mine. . . . What do you think of de picture? *(TIKIPU starts.)*

COSI. Seems genuine enough, but I wouldn't

give three hundred yen for *dat*. *Dat* style's gone out of fashion now.

(*Re-enter MEE-MEE*)

TIKI. You—you are not going to take away that picture, are you?

COSI. Why not?

TIKI. Oh!

COSI. 'Tisn't yours, is it?

MEE. (*Removing cup*) If yo' please! T'ank!

COSI. Hello! Who's *dat*? (*Exit MEE-MEE.*)

JOSI. *Dat's* de little gell I told you about. Dey bought her seven years ago.

COSI. She'd be a good security, she would. In three years' time she'd be a good bargain for me.

. . . (*To TIKIPU derisively*) Does *dat*—*dat* gell belong to you, too?

(TIKIPU *shakes his head indifferently.*)

(*Enter MR. and MRS. OLANGTSI*)

MRS. O. Oh, you've come earlier than you said. Well, have you told him what we want? Here, (*to TIKIPU, who is showing too much interest*), you can go and wait outside. (*Exit TIKIPU.*)

JOSI. Yesh, I've told him.

MRS. O. What did you say his name was?

JOSI. Mr. Cosi-Mosi—name fifty per shent de same, but no relation. Go on—you tell him what you want.

MRS. O. Three hundred yen's what I want. Have you got it?

COSI. Have I got it? Yesh—you haven't: *dat's* de point! Next point—have you got anything *dat'll* cover it?

OLANG. Of course! My word is my bond. I will give you my word—

MRS. O. Hold your tongue!

COSI. (*Ignoring* OLANGTSI) How long d'you want it for?

MRS. O. Three years.

COSI. What's your security?

MRS. O. Everything you see here.

COSI. Not enough.

MRS. O. (*Pointing half contemptuously*) There's a picture.

COSI. Yesh, I've seen dat.

OLANG. Understand, that is a most valuable picture! I would not part from it for any sum you like to name!

COSI. I wouldn't like to name any sum. It's out of date; and it's in a bad state of preservation.

OLANG. Then you know nothing about it! Its preservation is perfect.

COSI. Dat's what I mean: it's been *over*-preserved . . . it ought to have been destroyed long ago. . . . Have you got nothing better dan dat to raise money on?

OLANG. Than that? No.

MRS. O. Than that? Yes? Have you never heard of our son, Yunglangtsi?

COSI. No.

MRS. O. Well, I'll tell you! Seven years ago his future was foretold from the stars. In three years from now he'll have become the greatest of living artists.

JOSI. (*Aside*) Don't you believe it, Coshi.

COSI. Is he making a living now?

MRS. O. He's alive. What more do you want?

JOSI. (*Aside*) Don't you believe dat either, Coshi. He's only half-alive.

COSI. Can you show me any of his work?

JOSI. (*Aside*) Dat's got 'em!

MRS. O. No, I can't,—and for a good enough

reason, too. Every picture he paints he sells right away.

OLANG. That is true: we have not a single piece of his work unsold.

COSI. Very good. Den when he's got a piece to sell I'll call again and look at it. . . . Good morning.

OLANG. (*Suddenly catching sight of the drawing*) Stop! . . . Look—look here, my dear. This is most extraordinary! Here is something that has not been sold.

MRS. O. Ah! Now! Say what you like. Look at that!

(*Enter YUNGLANGTSI. Making gesture of execution with his hand, he shuffles in chuckling*)

YUNG. Phit! Phit! Ah ha! I've been to the executions, mother. Three of them were hanged, and two had their heads cut off! They did make such funny faces! Phit!

OLANG. How could he have done it? Why, it's—it's wonderful! . . . When did you do this?

YUNG. Do that? Why, that's Mee-Mee, of course.

JOSI. Yes, dat's Mee-Mee, right enough.

MRS. O. There, that shows you!

OLANG. The Star! The Star! It is the beginning of the Event. This day three years it will come true!

MRS. O. (*Aside*) Don't be a fool! *He* never did that. It was one of the others.

COSI. Here, about dish money; dat little gal—why've you said nothing about her? She belong to you, eh?

MRS. O. Yes. Well?

YUNG. Mee-Mee belongs to *me*: you may take Mee-Mee, if you'll give me back my certificate!

OLANG. Be silent! (*Exit YUNGLANGTSI.*)

COSI. Well, make a security of her and you shall have de money—wid de other securities too, mind you! Dere's no knowing: she might die.

OLANG. Mee-Mee a security! No, no, that is impossible!

MRS. O. Why is it impossible, I should like to know?

JOSI. (*To COSI*) Leave dem alone. You've got her. (*They retire.*)

OLANG. But, my dear, we—we can't risk it!

MRS. O. Stuff! I know what I'm about.

OLANG. If before this day three years Mee-Mee goes out of our hands unmarried——

MRS. O. She won't. . . . Isn't this day three years the very day? Before we let her go—she'll be married.

OLANG. Oh! Ah! . . . I never thought of that!

MRS. O. You never would.

COSI. Well? Have you agreed?

MRS. O. Yes—we have agreed.

COSI. All right: den now let's get it into form. (*Puts on spectacles*) T'ree hundred yen for t'ree years at twenty per cent—as from to-day.

MRS. O. Money down.

COSI. Count it out, Josi; you'll find it dere. . . . (*Aside*) It's de exact amount, Josi; you need only pretend to count it. (*COSI-MOSI begins to fill up form.* JOSI-MOSI, *disappointed at pickings, counts money*) De first shecurity is de gel—which is your own property?—name?

JOSI. Mee-Mee. You spell it wid an M.

COSI. Mee-Mee,—to be handed over on demand if the loan is not repaid with all interest due—dis day t'ree year;—dat is de Feast of Lanterns. . . . De second shecurity is de picture—your own property? Entitled?

JOSI. "De threshold of de Muses."

COSI. By?

JOSI. Mr. Wiowani.

COSI. Living artist?

JOSI. Deceased—date of death not known.

COSI. Third security . . . a'l furniture and household effects, private and professional, belonging to Mr. O'langtsi. . . . You call yourself an artist, eh?

OLANG. I do . . . that is . . . yes.

COSI. Artist . . . of . . . so . . . so . . . so. . . . Date, de . . . yes. Dere! Dat's all right! Now, if you sign dis, I give you de money.

OLANG. But if by any chance I should be unable to repay,—then you take all that I have?

COSI. No, I don't. De girl and de picture together will cover de amount. If de girl should die . . . well, of course, if de girl should die . . . den you won't be so well off.

OLANG. You see, my dear—

MRS. O. Sign it!

OLANG. Very well . . . I . . . I sign, but I sign under protest. . . . What do I do?

COSI. You deliver this as your act and deed?

OLANG. I deliver this as my act and deed:—and I—I wash my hands of a'l responsibility in the matter!

COSI. All right . . . dere's de money.

(Hands bag.)

MRS. O. I hope you've brought it in silver? Ah, yes. Because there's the week's wages to be paid to-night.

OLANG. The whole quarter's, my dear.

MRS. O. Will you hold your tongue!

COSI. Well, dat's all. . . . Honorable good-day to you, and a fortunate Feast.

MRS. O. Honorab'e good-day.

OLANG. Honorab'e good-day. Condescend to overeat yourself and greatly oblige.

(Exit COSI-MOSI.)

MRS. O. Now, after this, you'd better give up painting pictures that won't sell. It's no use burning your candle at both ends if you can't make them meet.

JOSI. Yesh, he was burning his candle last night! Got de picture finished, eh? You might have thrown dat into de shecurity as well.

MRS. O. He's not getting any picture finished. What d'you mean?

JOSI. Oh, ah! We wash to pretend we didn't know. All right . . . de candle was burning to amuse itself, I shuppose!

OLANG. A candle? . . . Burning? . . . Where?

JOSI. In here.

OLANG. When?

JOSI. Last night. When I went to bed dere was a light, . . . when I got up dere was a light. Now, Honorable Mrs. Back-of-the-House, dere's my little commission, please, for de introduction. . . . How much did we shay it was to be?

OLANG. In here, you say? . . . Last night?

JOSI. Yesh, and oder nights ash well! . . . Ten shen, I t'ink we said, eh?

MRS. O. (*Looking fixedly at OLANGTSI*) Five, I said.

JOSI. Five!

MRS. O. (*Putting down money*) There's five for you; it's either that or none.

Now you be off! Ah! there's the Feast begun.

(*Bells start clanging.*)

JOSI. Aye, dere's de Feasht: "Eat meat!" it shays, "drink wine!"

"Drink! Drink! Drink! and be happy, all you shwine!"

(*Bells.*)

(*Exit JOSI-MOSI.*)

OLANG. A light in here! In here there has been a light,

(*Bells.*)

Burning until the dawn all through the night!

MRS. O. Yes, we know that. D'you mean it wasn't you?

OLANG. A light, a light, a light! Ah! if it's true,
What does it mean?

MRS. O. Means some one's been about
Where he'd no right to be. Now we've found out,
I'll make him smart for it!

OLANG. Make who? Make who?

MRS. O. Why, who is it that sleeps here?

OLANG. Tikipu!
What! Tikipu . . . you think that it was he?

MRS. O. That's to be proved. . . . Wait till to-
night and see!
Do nothing . . . say nothing. . . . Don't let him
guess

That you know anything at all. The less

You say the better!

(Bells.

(Exit MRS. OLANGTSI.

OLANG. Ah! A light! A light!
What does it mean? Well, I shall know to-night!
(Exit OLANGTSI.

CHORUS. (Without) (Bells at intervals)
Ching-a-ring-a-ring-ting, Feast of Lanterns
Sing the song, and set the gong to sound round the
town!

Up and out, and all about, now every man that can
turns:

China shall catch fire when the sun goes down!

(TIKIPU re-enters and begins clearing the studio.
The picture catches his eye: he stands motion-
less gazing at it.)

Curtain

ACT II

(After sunset. MEE-MEE is discovered lighting up the studio. STUDENTS and APPRENTICES enter from house. They run round after each other's tails in a cat-prowling fashion, singing in high good humor.)

STUDENTS. (In chorus)

Mew-cats, mew-cats, come and take a walk!

Mew-cats, mew-cats, come and have a talk!

Catch your catch, as cats can! Who can catch me now?

What you at, scratch cat? Phit! Pha+! Miaow!
(They dance.)

TEE. (Rubbing his hands) Ah, ha!

NEW. (Slapping his pockets) Ha, ha!

THE REST. Hee-hee!

MEE. What you all laughing 'bout not'ing for?

TEE. We are all in a very good temper to-night,

Mee-Mee. We've been paid!

MEE. Dat so?

TEE. Yes,—to the last sen! Isn't that wonderful?

MEE. Velly nice, me t'ink.

TEE. And so, Mee-Mee (Takes box from LI-LONG), here's a little present for which which self-sacrificing Generosity has been long intending.

(Presents a box of sweets.)

MEE. Oh, hon'ble Nicenesses, awfully to condescen'!

HITI. They are sweets, Mee-Mee.

NAU. We hope they are good; but we haven't tried them.

MEE. (*Offering box*) Graciously to inspect Humbleness invite! (*They help themselves in turn without scruple or limit*) Me hope they quite good enough—to yo' taste?

TEE. Very good indeed, Mee-Mee. . . . Thank you . . . yes, as I was saying, we've been paid.

LIL. And so we have promised——

PEE. What do you think?——

NEW. Why, to take Yunglangtsi in the procession with us——

HAN. As a walking advertisement.

MEE. He not going to walk all de way?

NEW. Oh, no!

LIL. We are going to have him carried in a chair of state—quite grand, like a mandarin.

PEE. And we shall go in front and behind. We are going to get the chair now.

HAN. Have all the lanterns lighted for us, Mee-Mee, when we come back.

MEE. Say? How 'ong will de procession last?

TEE. Till dawn, Mee-Mee; till dawn! Then the lanterns go out, and we all run home like cats.

HITI. Like cats, Mee-Mee, holding on to each other's tails: for some of us won't be able to walk straight by them! Come, pussy cats!

STUDENTS. (*In chorus*)

Mew-cats, mew-cats, what will you be at?

Tit-for-tat, kit-for-cat,—can't you have enough?

Catch your catch, and catch again! Phit! Phat!

Puff!

(*They imitate a cat's fight, and dance off, holding each other's pig-tails. Meanwhile YUNGLANG-TSI has entered, dull and ponderous. He squats disconsolately on a cushion and sits cross-legged, looking at MEE-MEE with a sort of sulky possessiveness*)

YUNG. Come to me here, Mee-Mee! Come and talk to me!

MEE. Ya-as! What sort of talky-talky Serenity like best?

YUNG. Any silly chatter will do, so long as you talk.

MEE. Hon'ble Mr. Yunglangtsi not velly happy to-night?

YUNG. I'm bored, Mee-Mee; I'm bored!

MEE. You been changin' yo' clo's?

YUNG. I was made to, Mee-Mee: mother made me . . . so did my father. . . . I don't belong to myself, Mee-Mee . . . I'm a human sacrifice.

MEE. Dey look mos' mos' beautiful! . . . You jus' like a big lantern a'll on fire! . . . When you go in de procession— all de little bat-moths and bobby-howlers fly up agen you—so!—and burn dey-selves fo' dey know where dey are! Hee, hee!

YUNG. Do you think that funny, Mee-Mee?

MEE. Rader funny, don't you t'ink?

YUNG. You are very silly, Mee-Mee.

MEE. Ya-as, me velly silly—me know dat! Not evellybody so gleat wise person as Mr. Yunglangtsi. H'm? H'm?

YUNG. You think I like you, Mee-Mee, don't you?

MEE. Ya-as—a leetle.

YUNG. Well, I don't then. I dislike you. There's no one I dislike more. Shall I tell you why?

MEE. If you please.

YUNG. It's because you've robbed me—yes, *you*, you shabby little interloper! I'm not the man I was once: you don't know anything about me. Till you came here with that confounded horoscope of yours I was happy—I'd reason to be, *then*. . . . D'you know what I was? (*She shakes her head*) A grocer! I suppose you don't know what that means? Well, it means sitting in a great shop where people

come to buy, and giving orders to everybody. And all round you there are barrels of oil, with taps that run, and casks of sugar, and tea by the ton; and bins of rice, and boxes of spice, and everything nice as nice can be! And a crushing-machine where things are ground, and the samples all have a different sound. And you plunge your arms in flour or meal; and if you can't see what it is—you *can feel!*

MEE. Oh! how beautiful!

YUNG. And soap, Mee-Mee! Oh, there's a fortune to be made out of soap alone. There was a man once, Mee-Mee, who spent three years inventing the name of a soap. . . . And when he'd invented it he turned it into a syndicate and sold it. He sold it for twenty thousand yen.

MEE. De *name*?

YUNG. Yes, the name. What the soap was didn't matter so long as it had a good name. That's real art, Mee-Mee: and that's what being a grocer means. . . . That's what *I* was once!

MEE. You? Oh, poo' man, to lose all dat!

YUNG. Yes, I'd got my full grocer's certificate: I'd taken five years to earn it, and I was so proud of it! I used to wear it round my neck so that every one could see. . . . It had white letters on a red ground—and it said . . . (*he breaks down*). And all because of you and your Star, they've gone and taken it off me! . . . I tell you they'd given up trying to turn me into an artist: they'd found it was no good. And then *you* came, you, you, you superfluous little pig!—and now I've got to wait till your beastly Star comes round again—three years,—and then I've got to marry you and become a fool of a painter, when I might have been a grocer if you'd only stayed away!

MEE. Oh! me velly, velly solly! Me 'bominably not wanted, eh?

YUNG. My father doesn't understand me, Mee-Mee. . . . No one understands me. . . . You don't understand me, either.

MEE. Me t'ink—yes! Have a sweet?

(Offers box.)

YUNG. Thank you, Mee-Mee. . . . I think you do understand me a little. *(He begins chobbling)* When I was a grocer I used to have more sweets than I could eat: but now *(chobbles)* I never get enough! . . . I don't hate you now as much as I did, Mee-Mee. . . . Have one?

MEE. Oh, t'ank, t'ank, no! . . . Shabby Humbleness never dare!

YUNG. It won't hurt you, Mee-Mee, it's a very little one.

MEE. Oh, so graciously to condescen'! T'ank! *(She grovels and advances on all fours. Having received it she takes opportunity, while YUNG-LANGTSI is exploring the box for remains, to throw it away, and wipe her hand.)*

YUNG. It's very hard, Mee-Mee, when one has got a sorrow like mine, ever to forget it.

MEE. Ah! dat so true!

YUNG. It spoils my appetite, Mee-Mee: it upsets my digestion. . . . sometimes it even prevents me from sleeping. . . . I haven't slept. . . . I haven't slept since. . . . You there, Mee-Mee?

MEE. Yes.

YUNG. Come and fan me.

CRIER. *(Without in the distance)* Lights, lights, lights! People, people, people! Light your lanterns all!

CHORUS. *(In distance)*

Ching-a-ring-a-ring-ting, Feast of Lanterns!
Time to chime the lute, the flute, the loud bassoon!
Shouting out, and all about the link-light man turns.
Sing awake a tune to make the moon come soon!

YUNG. Mee-Mee.

MEE. Ya-as . . . please? . . . Say? . . .

YUNG. You still there?

MEE. Ya-as.

YUNG. Stop fanning me. *(He sleeps.*

CRIER. *(Without, going by with rattle of wand on wall)* Lights, lights, lights! People, people, people! Light your lanterns all!

(TIKIPU enters from street)

TIKI. Mee-Mee! Has every one gone out?

MEE. Sh! not gone yet! *(Points.*

TIKI. But they *are* all going? Mrs. Back-of-the-House too?

MEE. She say.

TIKI. Oh, look here, Mee-Mee! When they've gone, you come and clean up for me, and I'll—well, I'll show you—something I'm doing.

(Enter from house MR. and MRS. OLANGTSI)

MRS. O. Oh, so you are back, are you? When is the chair coming? *(TIKIPU looks out.*

TIKI. Condescension, they are bringing it now.

STUDENTS. *(Without)* Lights, lights, lights! Come and see the sights!

Chin, Chin, Chinaman!

Did you ever see a finer man,

A major, or a minor man?

Lights, lights, lights!

MRS. O. O'angtsi, are you ready?

OLANG. Yes, my dear, I'm ready. Where is *my* lantern, Mee-Mee?

MRS. O. Is Yung'angtsi ready?

MEE. Yes, High-mighty, he leddy an' waitin' mos' patient. *(STUDENTS heard without.*

MRS. O. Tell them to come in.

(TIKIPU *opens door wide*; STUDENTS *re-enter with chair and bearers*. "Lights, lights, lights," etc.)

OLANG. (To YUNGLANGTSI) Now, you fat featherbed, wake up! (Shakes him.)

MRS. O. Let him alone! He can go just as well asleep if he likes! There, put him in! Then you can start; we'll follow presently.

STUDENTS. Oh!!!

(They lift the chair with a great effort.)

YUNG. Oh, mother, I've just had such a dream—such a dream! I dreamt I was a grocer again. . . . I dreamt that I . . .

(*Exeunt* STUDENTS *bearing YUNGLANGTSI*. "Lights, lights, lights," etc.)

OLANG. Ah, the low lout! Grocer indeed! How shall I ever make an artist of a thing like that?

MRS. O. You won't; so don't worry yourself! That's Heaven's affair, not yours. As he's got to wait, he may as well do it sleeping as waking. You can't hurry a comet by treading on its tail, so you'd better leave it alone! . . . Mee-Mee, you go to bed at once. . . . Tikipu, take away those oil-cans!

(*Exit* MEE-MEE *into house*, TIKIPU *into pantry*.)

(To OLANGTSI) Now, then, we are going, you understand;—I shall go out that way, you go this. By the time you come back, I'll manage to be in the house somewhere. If you want me, call me: only mind you don't come too soon, or we shan't catch him! . . .

(*Re-enter* TIKIPU)

Now then (to TIKIPU), as soon as you've cleaned up here you go to bed too. Put out those lights—

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you only want one! Olangtsi, mind you lock the street-door! I'll go out the other way and meet you. (*To TIKIPU*) Be quick, put out those lights! (*Exit.*)

OLANG. Yes, put them all out! Don't go burning my candles at both ends. (*Exit fussily.*)

VOICES. (*In distance*) China's burning, China's burning.

Look yonder, look yonder!

Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!

Oh, bring us some water!

(*TIKIPU leaves the lights and goes out to get his painting*)

(*Re-enter MEE-MEE*)

MEE. Oh, Tiki, she gone! She took de key; and when she go out she lock de door! . . . We all alone, you and me!

TIKI. All right! There, run along, put out those lights for me! Be quick, you've got plenty to do. (*Music and loud drum-beating is heard.*)

MEE. Ah, say?

TIKI. Those are the bands going up to the Temple. . . . That's where the procession starts. Hurry. Mee-Mee! You know you were told to go to bed.

MEE. *Me?* . . . Me stay to help you, Tiki. . . . (*Looks over his shoulder*) Dat de secler?

TIKI. Yes.

MEE. Oh, Tiki, you stealin' de picture?

TIKI. Stealing it? No, silly! I'm only copying it,—just one little bit of it at a time.

MEE. Oh, Tiki, it de velly exact same t'ing!

TIKI. Hah! that's all you can see! Ah, if only it were! (*He begins mixing colors*) I've been thinking, Mee-Mee, of what you said to-day, about having to marry Yunglangtsi. . . .

MEE. Yeess?

TIKI. Marrying you is going to make him a great artist?

MEE. Dat what de Star say.

TIKI. Well, you know, Mee-Mee, you mayn't like him—but it must be a fine thing to be the wife of a great artist.

MEE. (*Doubtfully*) H'm.

TIKI. You'd be very proud of him.

MEE. H'm.

TIKI. You'd hear people say such fine things about him—about his pictures, I mean.

MEE. H'm.

TIKI. And then, you see, they'd say it all came from his marrying *you*.

MEE. Ugh! He never tell dem not'ing 'bout dat! . . . He keep dat to himself fo' fear dat some wise man come an' steal me; and den me teach *him* to paint better dan *he* can.

TIKI. Oh! so you think you could teach painting?

MEE. Oh, yes! dat quite easy t'ing—jus' to paint!
(*Makes an imaginary flourish of the brush.*)

TIKI. Ah! that shows how little you know. Now I daresay you think that is nothing but a piece of rice paper, or silk, or linen, with paint spread over it?

MEE. Oh, yes! And all de poo' man's wasted time!—I know,—go on!

TIKI. Yes! Wasted time! That is what **every one**

Who's not an artist thinks when it is done.

But really—truly—if they had but eyes,—

Yonder lie glimpses of a paradise

That is all round us: but that they can't see!

We are all prisoners. under lock and key,

Bereft of light,—until some painter-soul

Comes with great love and labor, and cuts a hole

Through the thick wall, and shows, all fresh and
fa r,

A heaven of living beauty, waiting there

Its call to earth! Waiting: and we—stand dumb!

MEE. What silly heaven dat is! Why wait?

We want, we want,—and it wait!

TIKI. If we called loud enough for it, it would
come!

Look, Mee-Mee, look! This picture is the gate
Of a new world! . . . Oh, if you could but see!
In there is Life, magic, and mystery!—
It moves . . . it breathes . . . it changes.

(A pause.

There, sometimes, Mee-Mee,—

Sometimes when I am here a'one at night,
I have seen all that garden change its light—
Sunlight to moonlight. I can see the flowers
Close their bright eyes; and into those dim bowers,
Lo, like a whispered word,
Comes sleep; and every bird,
That with uplifted throat now seems to make
Those tree-tops shake,
Stops with a will to let full silence flow.
All, all looks still, . . . and yet, I know
Something, with power to break
The spell, stands there . . . awake!

Well, now I've to'd you, and how much of it do
you understand, I wonder! There! Off you run
to bed, like a good little girl. I'm going to be busy.
Good-night. . . . Why aren't you gone, Mee-Mee?

MEE. Mrs. High-Mighty tell you to go to bed,—
you sit up still: why not Mee-Mee sit up too?

TIKI. Oh, well, I've got something to do.

MEE. Plaps you not de only person got some-
thing to do. . . . You not want me: plaps me want
meself. *(Music passes. MEE-MEE moves to it)*
Oh, de music! . . . Say, s'all I sing to you?

TIKI. *(Indifferently)* Oh,—yes—if you like.

MEE. H'm . . . yes. You like me to tell you all about meself?

TIKI. (*Absent-mindedly*) Yes, . . . oh yes . . . that ought to be . . . quite . . . amusing.

MEE. Music, stop all dat noise! . . . Dey stop. . . Ah, now . . . ah, now! (*She sings.*)

Mee-Mee orphan from far-off lan':
Mee-Mee's fader was gleat big man!—

So big—so! He long ago

Die:—leave me not know where to go!

Heigho!—so— (*Music breaks in.*)

Give me chance, me laugh, me sing,—

See now, ah?—Ting-a-ting—Ting-a-ting!

(*Speaks*) Say! Isn't dat pletty:—what?

(*Sings*) Mee-Mee wise: wise mo'n you!

Got two eyes,—mos' good as new—

See dere, eh? Lef', right;—say,

What color in dem dey got to-day?

How you hope?—s'all dey ope, s'all dey wink?

You not care, eh? You no' t'ink?

(*Speaks*) Say! Isn' dat pletty:—what?

(*Sings*) Got no moder,—never had none—

Got no broder, an' don' want one!

No little sis'—nobody to kiss,—

Nobody to miss me—nobody to miss:—

Heigho!—so—

Nowhere else to go!

See—dat jus' de way dat I come here,—

Seven year ago—a long seven year!

Oh, dear!

(*Speaks*) Say! Isn' dat pletty:—what?

TIKI. Oh, how can I tell, Mee-Mee! I haven't got eyes in the back of my head. Can't you see I'm busy?

MEE. Dat what all de wicked people say!—Dey say dey'm busy:—dey mean dey *don' care!* . . .

You don't care. . . . Don't t'ink Mee-Mee care,—neither. . . . Sure not! . . . (*Goes and looks maliciously over his shoulder*) You got dat drawn—all wrong! (*Turns away*)

TIKI. Where, Mee-Mee? Tell me!

MEE. (*Laughing to herself*) Don' know. She got no eyes in de back of *her* head!

TIKI. But show me, Mee-Me, show me!

MEE. Ugh! (*Relenting and turning to sweet flattery*) Ah! say, isn' dat pletty—what?

TIKI. *Pretty!* Mee-Mee, don't you ever dare to call anything that *I* paint pretty! It's only quite silly things that are pretty:—colored toys, and wax dolls, and paper kites, and fat babies, so long as they don't cry,—and foolish little girls who sit and chatter, but know nothing about art! . . . Oh! they are all as pretty as you like . . . but they are all littler than the littlest thing *I* ever mean to do . . . so there!

MEE. M'm? . . . say dat? . . . Den you know not'ing, not'ing! You not never be big till you been little first—littler dan me—littler dan de littlest baby dat ever cly fo' its mammy to come! Yes! "Foolish chattling little gels what don' know not'ing 'bout Art"—dey's bigger inside dan you know! Dey's bigger pains—dey's bigger hearts—dey's bigger upside-down inside-out altogedder dan anyt'ing *you* know 'bout. So dere! What you bin done drawn dere have got no eyes in de back of its head,—dat's what de matter wid dat! It's too *busy* 'bout itself! . . . So's Mee-Mee,—too *busy* . . . Me goin' now. . . . Goo-night! (*Exit.*)

TIKI. She's right! She's right! That chattering idiot is right! . . . Yes, it's too busy! It's all too flat, too tight! O Wiowani, if only I had you, here at my hand, to teach me what to do! (*Sighs.*) (*Procession passes, with lights, music, song—*

"China's burning, etc.," and the multitudinous

babble of a festive crowd. The popping of fireworks is heard, sticks are rattled along the wall. TIKIPU paints on, absorbed in his art. The crowd and its noises trickle away.

TIKI. Oh, I'm no good, Wiowani! I'm no good! Just now I thought that no one understood So well as I. . . . But this—it's all too flat! Too tight, too stuffy!

How did you do that?
That isn't paint—that's—oh! how is it done?
It's sunlight,—I mean moonlight,—no—no—sun—
(He pauses bewildered.)

Wiowani, is it moonlight or sunlight? Oh!
How am I to paint it if I do not know?
Ah, how you beat me! How can I recall
The beauty and the mystery of it all!
(He goes and examines the picture)
Oh! is that it? Yes, yes, I see! How strange!
Is it the painting, or my eyes, that change?
Or is it that Divinity dwells here,
And in my darkness makes a light shine clear?

(The shadow of OLANGTSI passes without.)
O Wiowani, Wisdom born of old,
Soon shall I learn thy way!
Thy light shall guide me, and thy hand shall hold;
(OLANGTSI slides open the door.)
And some day men shall point to me and say,

(Enter OLANGTSI)

"There goes the little painter, in whose brain
Great Wiowani brought to life again
The art of ancient days!"
So shall they speak in Wiowani's praise
While praising me!
O Wiowani, say! When shall it be?
(OLANGTSI creeps forward and peers over TIKIPU's shoulder. At sight of the drawing he gives a start of astonishment and utters a cry of rage.)

OLANG. Oh!!!

(TIKIPU jerks up his hands, drops his brush, and turns to find himself discovered; he attempts to conceal his drawing by reversing it upon his knees.)

(OLANGTSI takes TIKIPU by the scruff and shakes him. TIKIPU lets go the drawing.)

OLANG. So, little thief, at last you have been caught!

What thief—what great thief in the night has taught You to steal—like this?

TIKI. Master, I have not stolen, that is not true!

OLANG. Not stolen? Oho! so this belongs to you?

Whose is that paint? Whose candles do you burn? First you steal these;—and then, with these in turn, You come by stealth and rob me of my Art!

TIKI. How do I rob you, when I take no part Of what is yours? Indeed, I have no skill! This counts for nothing; but some day it will— Perhaps,—when I have learned!

OLANG. You learn! How dare you say That you will learn? How have you found the way To learn at all? Tell me that! Tell me that!

TIKI. Oh, it is nothing to be angry at! I only listened, Master, while you taught Others the way; and while you spoke you brought New wisdom to my brain, and gave my hand The craftsman's cunning,—for you understand The meanings of the mystery they spurn,— And, as I listened, I could not choose but learn!

OLANG. What right had you to listen? What right, I say, To profit thus while others had to pay? Yours is a hireling's place: you were brought here To rub, scrub, and run errands! And you dare Come prying into the privacies of Art,—

The Art of Wiowani—which stands apart
 Sacred and secret, its traditions known
 And practised by my family alone?
 You play the spy! You come by night: you spoil
 My paper, take my tools, and burn my oil—
 Stealing my Book of Beauty leaf by leaf;
 And yet you dare to say you are no thief!

TIKI. As a starving man reaches his hand for
 bread,
 So in my darkness I reached out for these!
 Master, the hunger was too strong,—the dread
 Of Beauty drove me! For her fierce decrees
 Man must obey, albeit to his own doom!
 Her law brings bondage: where her feet find room
 Her hand holds sway: she tears, that it may bleed,
 The heart which follows her, and every need
 Of man's frail flesh she takes and turns to scorn!
 Who worships her, by him is sackcloth worn;
 And on his head she sets no crown of joy,
 But ashes only—symbol to be borne,
 If you betray her, how she will—destroy!

OLANG. Tiki, you know that I have always been—
 Been a kind master to you. . . .

TIKI. (*Doubtfully*) Oh, ye'es!

OLANG. I mean,
 I have never beaten you, Tiki,—not enough
 To hurt; I have not starved you, or been rough
 To you. . . . Have I, Tiki? No. My mind was
 bent

Kindly toward you. I had always meant
 To help you. . . .

TIKI. Help me?

OLANG. Why were you not content
 To wait?

TIKI. To help me? Oh, if that were true,
 Master, why, there is nothing I'd not do
 In bondage for your sake! Yes, you may take
 All that I have—all I can ever earn,

Of fame or fortune,—so you'll let me learn
 To be a painter! And you need not give
 Me anything—just the bare means to live:
 Enough to keep
 Body and soul together! I want no sleep,
 No warmth, no comfort of any kind, no part
 In anything except the joy of art—
 Of art!

OLANG. Listen to me! Why do you interrupt
 While I am speaking? I was saying—yes, yes,
 That I had always intended, more or less,
 When you had served your time here and been paid,
 To help you to some business or trade
 Suited to your capacities and your class.
 Now for this once I am willing to let pass
 The gross deception of your conduct here—
 And as your mind is evidently not clear
 About the future, I am prepared, I say,
 To give you, without any more delay,
 The means of making—if you wish—a start
 Upon your own account, which for my part
 I think will—suit you. (*He takes out certificate.*
 This, this, as you see,
 Is the certificate of grocery
 Which my own son—who, as you know, desires
 To be a painter—now no more requires.
 With this you can be a grocer—on condition
 That you do not presume in that position
 To practise, meddle, or take any part
 Nefariously in processes of art
 Which you don't understand—and never will.
 You will find there a space where you can fill
 Your name in. . . . There! . . . I call that,—do not
 you?—

(*He hangs certificate round TIKIPU's neck.*
 A very handsome offer, Tikipu. . . .
 What do you say?

TIKI.

Master, dear Master, oh!

You do not mean what you are saying! No, no!
 Ah, tell me! though my work means little yet,
 Has it no promise . . . none? Do you forget
 How you too learned,—and did things—oh! not
 well—

But each time, as a child that learns to spell,
 Your hand became more sure, until it caught
 The kindling fire! And then you had no thought
 Of fame or fortune, or what the world might say,
 But only of Beauty, and the joy that lay
 There in your hands—the joy of giving birth
 To form! . . . And then, had any one on earth
 Bade you stop painting, would you not have said—
 “To win your wish, first you must strike me dead!”

OLANG. You chattering little devil, you drivelling
 brat!

How dare you mock at me with your mouth like
 that!

Swear by your father's dust, never to lay
 Finger on paint again! Swear it, I say!

TIKI. Oh, if I did, that dust out of the grave
 Would rise and choke me! No! were I your slave,
 I'd keep my birthright! To possess that prize
 You must cut off these hands, put out these eyes,
 Drain me of blood, and draw me limb from limb!
 For it is Wiowani, 'tis from him
 That I get strength; 'tis Wiowani who
 Now stands in judgment betwixt me and you!

OLANG. Some Devil has made you say that!
 Some Devil, I say!

What? So you think yourself worth saving, eh?
 Worth having, eh? Worth teaching? Do you dream
 I'd let a thing like that, a tricked-out scheme,
 A muddy smear, a smudge of chalk and cheese,
 A daub, a patch, a paint-scab, a disease,
 A niggled lie, a forger's fraud,—so hence
 Out of my studio to breed pestilence?
 No! I will not! 'Tis treason if I spare!

Let go, let go! That finishes it!—

So there!

(He tears the drawing into fragments and throws them down. TIKIPU screams with anguish, and falls face-forward, clutching the torn pieces.)

Get up, you blubbering booby! don't lie there

Biting the boards up! Now you've got to swear!

Give me your oath! What? So you're stubborn still?

Wait, we'll soon make you!—If I can't *she will!*

(Exit into house.)

(For a time TIKIPU lies sobbing. Presently he draws toward him the torn fragments of his drawing, and falls down upon them with a cry of despair.)

TIKI. He had no pity, no pity on me at all!

Wiowani! Oh, it is no use to call!

Nobody cares! Nobody hears my cry!

Oh! I have failed! Wiowani, let me die!

Oh! let me die!

(In the picture the lantern begins to glow: under its rays the grave and benignant form of WIO-WANI is discovered seated. TIKIPU raises his head, for he hears in music the call of his soul. He catches sight of WIO-WANI and starts to his knees with an exclamation of wonder. WIO-WANI lifts his hand in beckoning. TIKIPU rises and advances slowly in trembling ecstasy. WIO-WANI reaches forward and takes TIKIPU by the hand. With a long-drawn sigh of relief and rest TIKIPU is drawn into the picture. The lantern fades. WIO-WANI and TIKIPU disappear.)

(In the distance is heard the Chorus of approaching STUDENTS.)

STUDENT. *(Without)* Mew-cats, mew-cats, all fit and fat!

Mew-cats, mew-cats, what have you been at?

We've been out, round about, quite long enough,
Catch your catch and home again! Phit! Phat!
Fuff!

(Enter MEE-MEE running)

MEE. Tiki! Tiki! Dey come back! He in dere
talking to Mrs. Back-of-de-House! Go hidee—
quick! . . . Tiki, where is you gone to?

*(She runs about and looks. Outside the Chorus of
returning STUDENTS is heard again. They are
evidently drunk.)*

STUDENTS. *(Without)* Mew-cash, mew-cash, all
fit and fat,

Mew-cash, mew-cash, wha'sh you been at?
We've been out, roun' 'bout, oui' shlong 'nough,
Cash, cash, an' cash again! Fiff! Faff! Fuff!

YUNG. *(Without)* I want to go home to bed!

TEE. *(Without)* If you want to go to bed, we
must tosh you and turn you! Up with him!
Whup!!

YUNG. *(Without)* Put me down! Put me down,
I tell you! *(Laughter and general smash.)*

MEE. Tiki?

*(Enter YUNGLANGTSI. He trails in, hardly able to
speak for sleepiness.)*

YUNG. I want to go to bed, Mee-Mee . . .
where's mother?

MEE. *(Coming on fallen easel and torn paper)*
Ah, say! Who done dat? Who done dat wicked
t'ing?

YUNG. They did, Mee-Mee! When I said "Put
me down!" those devils, they tossed me! But they
all fell down, Mee-Mee, and then I was on the
top.

MEE. Tiki!

(Enter TEE-PRE, the others following)

TEE. Hon'ble Yunglang-shy wantsh you to put him to bed, Mee-Mec. I wantsh,—I wantsh to be put to bed too, Mee-Mee! Not de *shame* bed—don't you go making a mishtake!—No—I wouldn't—

NAU. What are you sitting up for, Mee-Mee?

LIL. What are you crying for?

HITI. She's crying because she's finished all those sweets we gave her. . . . But you mustn't have any more, Mee-Mee, they'd be bad for you!

(Enter from house MR. and MRS. OLANGTSI)

MRS. O. Make him? Of course I'll make him! Where have you put him to?

MEE. (*Full of terror and apprehension*) Put him to? Oh!

YUNG. Mother, I want to go to bed.

MRS. O. Where's Tikipu?

YUNG. Mother, when I said "Put me down!" those devils, they tossed me!

MRS. O. Who has seen Tikipu?

HAN. Sheen Tikipu? Who wantsh to shee Tikipu? Mother of Mountains, don't ask such 'dulous questions!

OLANG. But you *must* have seen him,—he was here a moment ago!

LIL. Don't shay he wasn't here momen' ago. If he *wash* here momen' ago—that's why he isn't here *now*; momen' ago'sh over.

MRS. O. Has he gone out? Did you meet him in the street?

TEE. Meet him in the shstreet! Why should we meet him in the shstreet? He didn't ask us to meet him in the shstreet! Why should we meet him in the shstreet if he didn't ask us to meet him in the shstreet?

MRS. O. Well, don't all stand gaping there! Go out and look for him!

OLANG. He's not gone out. There are his shoes.

MEE. Oh-h-h! Tiki, what have dey done to you?
Where have dey put you to, Tiki?

(She picks up shoes, looks inside them and fondles them.)

MRS. O. Go and look in the house, one of you!
(Exit NAU-TEE.)

OLANG. Perhaps he's hiding in the roof. Go up and see!

MRS. O. Go and look in the cellar!

(Exit LILONG into cellar, and PEE-AH-BEE up ladder)

HITI. Yesh, go! Don't shtand talking—go! Go to the top of the house—go to the bottom of the house, go to Mrs. Back-of-the-House, and go to the Devil! *(MRS. OLANGTSI cuffs him)* Shan't help you to look for him any more now.

(Retires to door-post with stately deliberation.)

NAU. *(Returning from house)* He's not in the house! Mrs. Tip-top-shtory-teller has made a mistake.

OLANG. Ah! where is it? Where has he put it to? Have you seen—

PEE. *(From roof)* He's not up here!

LIL. *(From cellar-trap)* He's not down here—he's not—I'm sure he's not down—

(Slips through trap, catches TEE-PEE by the ankles and draws him after.)

OLANG. *(To TEE-PEE)* Have you seen—?
(TEE-PEE catches NEW-LYN by hands, and pulls him down headforemost) Have you seen—?
(To NEW-LYN)

MEE. Oh, Tiki! Is you not anywhere? What have become of you, Tiki?

(PEE-AH-BEE returns from roof.)

HITI. *(Clinging to door-post and waving his hand aimlessly)* He's not out here!

OLANG. The thief! the thief! he has run off with it!

MRS. O. With what?

OLANG. I gave it to him—to keep safe—I remember now,—before I went out!

MRS. O. Gave him what?

OLANG. Why, the certificate, of course! What else? Your son's certificate of grocery! Ah, fool that I was! Fool!

YUNG. My—my certificate?

OLANG. Yes.—he has taken it!

YUNG. Boo'hooh! My beautiful—my beautiful certificate. You let him take it because you didn't want me to be a grocer! I hate you, father! Boo'hooh! Mother, take me to bed!

HITI. (*From doorway*) I know where he ish:—he'sh behind that picture.

OLANG. Ah, yes, behind the picture! Bring him out! Bring him out!

HAN. No—he's not there! Nothing's there! 'Shtificate's not there, either!

YUNG. Poohoo!

MRS. O. There, there, don't fret! We'll get you another, just like it. There, don't cry!

(*Exeunt MRS. OLANGTSI and YUNGLANGTSI into house*)

HAN., NAUT., and PEE. (*Link arms and cross the stage staggering*) My—my—my beautiful 'Shtificate . . . I hate you, father! Boo'hooh! Good-night! . . .

(*They push HITI-TITI from door-post and go out.*)

OLANG. O'h, Fool! Fool! Fool! Why, why did I . . . not . . . spare?

(*MEE-MEE holds up to OLANGTSI torn fragments*)

of picture. He strikes them down with a cry of rage.

No! I will not! That finishes it. So there!

(Exit.

(The truth dawns on MEE-MEE. She utters a cry.

MEE. Oh! dat kill Tiki! Dat kill—dat make him hate evellybody! Hate me now, always, always! He never speak to me! He never look at me again. He never come back—now. He gone! He gone! . . . Oh Tiki, dey broken yo' heart all to pieces! Mee-Mee know dat! Mee-Mee understand!

(She gathers the torn pieces to her breast, kissing them.

CURTAIN

ACT III

The Studio before dawn. MEE-MEE lies asleep on a mat in front of the picture. Outside a shuffling step is heard, and a sheep-like coughing. A dull lantern-light passes along the street wall. Knocking.

MEE. Who dat? (*She shuffles up and goes to the door*) Josi-Mosi, dat you? (*Opens door.*)

JOSI. Yesh, dat-sh me. (*He enters*) Nobody up yet? (*He sets down lantern.*)

MEE. No, dey all asleep—so airly! . . . Say! you blought dat lill' t'ing I tol' you?

JOSI. Yesh, I've got it!

MEE. (*Exultantly*) Sha!

JOSI. What you want it for, eh?

MEE. Ugh! . . . Meself of course! . . . Me sleep in here. . . . All de big live-long rats come in de night and wake me! Dey run on my toes,—dey sit on my face. Not nice t'ing dat, eh?

JOSI. Have you got de money?

MEE. Yah! (*Fumbles in sleeve*) Dere now! (*Gives him the money*) No say dat all right?

JOSI. (*Counting it*) Dat'sh all right.

(*He gives her a small phial.*)

MEE. Oh! dat all! Dat rot e-nough! Dere's plenty twenty hundred rats in here. . . . Take a lot of killing, dey wi'!

JOSI. Dat 'ud kill five hundred, dat would!

MEE. Kill me too?

JOSI. Kill de who'e lot of you.

MEE. (*Satisfied*) Ah!

JOSI. So dey put you to shleep in here now, eh?
Dat boy Tikipu never been sheen again, I shuppose?

MEE. (*Startled*) What for you ask me dat now?
. . . No, he not come.

JOSI. M'm. Reashon I ashk wash becosh dish
is de very day he went—t'ree yearsh ago. Teasht
of Lanternsh it wash. I've a reashon for remem-
bering de date.

MEE. So?

JOSI. It wash to-day. . . . What'sh dat? Who's
dat dere?

(*Enter OLANGTSI in sleeping attire*)

MEE. Shh! It Mr. O'angtsi . . . he velly often
come like dat—to de picture. He not know anyt'ing
about it when he wake up! Shh!

OLANG. Ugh! Ugh! . . . Yes, yes . . . where
was I? . . . I don't want you, my dear! . . . Go
away! . . . You . . . you wouldn't understand!
. . . Gen . . . gentle . . . gentlemen pupils . . .
your immediate and polite attention! . . . On this
very painful occasion, when I address you for the
last time . . . and this great picture of Wiowani's
which here stands before you . . . for the last
time . . . I ask you, I ask you, for the last time
. . . your kind attention, gentlemen! . . . No, no,
I am not forgetting myself, my dear, at all! . . .
I am remembering what I once was, . . . before
you . . . before you came and robbed me! . . .
Yes, you did—you robbed me! . . . like a thief
in the night: first you robbed me of my sleep,
then of my liberty, then of my conscience . . .
and then, then of my art! Tikipu found out **that**
for me! . . . And now everything is gone!

JOSI. What'sh all dish mean?

MEE. He want Tikipu to come back, me t'ink. He velly unhappy.

OLANG. What thief, what great thief in the night taught you to steal—like that? . . . Oh, thief, thief, little thief! give it back to me, give it back to me, I say. . . . There! There! . . . that finishes it! . . . that's done, Tikipu, that's done!

MEE. Oh! *(She begins to sob.)*

OLANG. Don't cry, Tikipu, it's no use your crying like that! . . . Ah, that's good, that's good!—but you mustn't paint like that any more . . . it's not . . . it's not possible. She won't let you . . . it doesn't pay. . . . And if it doesn't pay, it's no good!

JOSI. No, he'sh right dere: if it doesn't pay, it'sh no good! You know, little Mish Mee-Mee, you going to have a new master to-day?

MEE. How you know dat? How you know dat?

JOSI. 'Cosh I *do* know:—it's de right day for it. He knowsh dat too. *(Nods to OLANGTSI.)*

MEE. Den you know velly foolish t'ing, Mr. Josi-Mosi, if you t'ink dat! Me *not* have *no* new master! So dere! . . . Dis kill so many rat: it will kill *me* too!

JOSI. Mee-Mee, you give me dat back!

MEE. Noh!

JOSI. Give it me back, I shav.

(He tries to take bottle.)

MEE. Noh!

JOSI. If you don't give it me I—I——

MEE. Don' you *touch* me! Don' you dare to come *near* me!

VOICE *(Without)* Yah-yah-yah-yah-yah-yah-eh?
(A quick step goes by and a wand taps along the wall)

MEE. *(Relieved)* Ah!

JOSI. What'sh dat!

MEE. De watchman. "Evellybody wake up!" he say. You go!

JOSI. You give me dat firsht! (*Pursues her.*)

MRS. O. (*Within*) Mee-Mee, Mee-Mee! You awake?

MEE. H'm, ya-ah! . . . Oh, ye'es! Almost quite awake now! . . . You go! You gott'n yo' money—you go!

MRS. O. (*Within*) Get up then; come quick, I want you!

OLANG. Eh? Eh? Yes, my dear, I'm coming! I'm coming!

JOSI. Coshi! I must fetch Coshi!

MEE. Yah! (*Exit JOSI-MOSI in haste.*)

OLANG. Yes, yes, I was meaning to come. It was—it was only for the last time!

(*Exit OLANGTSI by staircase.*)

(*Enter by inner door MRS. OLANGTSI with light and bridal costume*)

MRS. O. What are you doing—so slow when I call?

MEE. Only jus' to open de door!

MRS. O. Don't want it open! Shut it! (*Looks round suspiciously*) Who's been in here?

MEE. It was a big rat dat would'n' go out! Me told him *you* comin': den he run on his hin' legs, jus' like a man! (*Starts to pull up blinds.*)

MRS. O. Here! Begin to get yourself dressed, or you'll be late! . . . There are your things. . . . (*She lays bridal costume on chair*) Now attend to me, and learn how a Chinese bride should behave.

MEE. Be-have?

MRS. O. In a quarter of an hour—are you attending?—the bridesmen and the bearers will be here with the palanquin. As soon as you hear them outside you are to run in there and lock the door.

MEE. Dat door?

MRS. O. Yes, that door: there isn't any other that I know of. Don't lock it so much that they can't force it without breaking it! I don't want to be paying for repairs afterwards, you aren't worth it!

MEE. Leave it open, den?

MRS. O. Open? Fine sense of modesty *you've* got! Please to recollect that you are a Chinese bride; you do as I tell you! Pull up that blind! Then, when they fetch you out, you must strugg'le,—d'you hear? Kick, bite, scratch; only mind you don't tear the dress! Do it decently: give one of them a scratch on his face where it can be seen: that'll be enough. If you show too much fight it looks like having too high an opinion of yourself. When they've put you into the palanquin and locked you in,—then you can do as you like.

MEE. So?

MRS. O. Remember—the bride's procession is to start at sunrise. Mind you are ready!

MEE. Hon'ble Mistless, at sunlise? Dat velly airy—dat not too soon, eh?

MRS. O. Not if I say it's the time you are to be ready by. When you want your bride-crown pinned on, come to me!

MEE. My blide-clown? Oh yes! . . . Say! . . . When dey put me in my lill' chair-palanquin, will all de blin's be down? No one to see me?

MRS. O. Of course not. Who wants to see you? Here, go on and get dressed! You are wasting time. *(Exit MRS. O.)*

MEE. Yes: me wasting time! *(Pulls up blind)* Silly dat! . . . Nobody want to see me? . . . No . . . nobody! Oh! run, Mee-Mee! dere's de worl' wakin'! *(She opens door and peeps out)* Oh, gleat, big worl', wake up!—Mee-Mee say good-bye to you! Oh, de lazy sun, all down dere, you not

come up yet—Mee-Mee say good-bye to you! . . . And nex' time dat he come, you tell Tiki, you tell Tiki—Mee-Mee gone jus' 'cause she couldn't wait fo' him—any mo'! . . . Dat's all! . . . You all been velly, velly nice to me! . . . Good-bye.

(She shuts the door, draws out phial and stands trembling, facing the thought of death. Crossing the stage she comes on the bridal array left by MRS. OLANGSTI.

Oh! pletty, eh? Oh! Say! isn't dat nice? What? . . . Quick, quick, Mee-Mee! *(She begins to robe herself)* Yes, quick! Yes, quick! Yes, quick! *(Puts on shoes)* Lef', right, get dem all on! Dere! dat all right, eh? *(Opens toilet-box and gets out mirror and paints)* Now, Mee-Mee, you got to make yo'self mos' beautiful—because to-day, you say—you say you goin' to be married to Tiki. And dat make you so glad, dat make you so happy, dat you laugh, an' laugh, an' laugh, till all de tears come into yo' eye! You velly silly little gel, you! *(She dries her eyes and takes up mirror)* Look at yo'self! Hee-hee! *(She turns the glass about and knocks on the back of it)* Mee-Mee? Mee-Mee? You round dere? You round dere? . . . Right in dere? *(Turns it)* 'Course I is!—She in dere all de time! Catch her not? *(She starts playing bo-peeh with herself)* No . . . no . . . she dere, I say she dere! . . . He say once—he say, "silly lill' gel know not'ing 'bout art!" Ah, ha! Himself he know not'ing, not'ing—at all! . . . Himself! . . . Tiki, dat went away and never come back!

(She produces from hiding-place the shoes which TIKIPU left behind.

(Sings) Mee-Mee, Mee-Mee know not where

He gone. He gone!
 He not here! He not dere!
(She looks into her powder boxes and at the shoes.)
 No use looking anywhere!

He gone!
 Evelly day, sin' dey say
 He gone an' not come back,—
 Mee-Mee wait:—still he stay
 Mee-Mee hope, Mee-Mee pray,
 All Mee-Mee's hair gone gray!

Dat's a fac'!
(Looks at herself in glass, and continues talking)
 Only jus' now it don' show—dat's a'll why she can't
 see it. *(She puts out light. Within the house are
 heard the voices of Mr. and Mrs. OLANGTSI
 raised in altercation, and YUNGLANGTSI crying, "I
 don't want to get up! I won't get up!" As MEE-
 MEE listens her resolution is formed)* Don' you
 waste time, Mee-Mee!—don' you waste time!
 Soon dey come—to take you away from yo'self.
 You say not'ing to dat. You only be *here*—let
 dem find you here, ch? Let dem see you not
 belong to dem at all. You belong *all* to yo'self be-
 cause T'ki have fo'gotten you! *(She takes phial of
 poison from her breast)* Goo'bye, Mee-Mee! . . .
 Goo'bye . . . goo' . . .

*(While she is speaking the picture glows slowly into
 life. Under the rays of the lantern WIOVANI is
 discovered seated, benignant of aspect. He
 plucks three times upon the strings of his gui-
 tar. At the third sound MEE-MEE'S attention is
 arrested: she shuffles the poison out of sight and
 turns her head.)*

MEE. *(With ch'ldlike curiosity)* H'm? How
 you come in dere?

WIO. Years ago, when youth was spent,
 The door was open, so in I went.

MEE. Catch yo' foot and trip, eh? . . . Say? is it all velly nice in dere?

WIO. A matter of taste: the view is free; You can look for yourself and see.

MEE. (*Doubtfully*) H'm! Is dere any one pletty in dere?

WIO. Pretty's a word that knows no rule, Here we have only the Beautiful.

MEE. H'm! . . . H'm! . . . not pletty?

(WIOWANI *shakes his head.*)

MEE. (*Very satisfied*) Say? . . . Me pletty, you no t'ink?

WIO. My eyes have grown too old to see, You're too far off. Come nearer to me!

MEE. (*Advancing by degrees*) Hee-hee! . . . Hee-hee! . . . Tsz!

WIO. Nearer. Nearer. Yes, that will do. Sit down! I've been waiting to talk to you.

MEE. Ya-as . . . of course. (*She squats on dais.*)

WIO. Three years I've waited, while time has tarried.

Mee-Mee, when are you going to get married?

MEE. (*Stiffly*) Not goin' to get mallied.

WIO. Oh, yes, you are! Tell the truth, Mee-Mee! Come now!—when is the day to be?

MEE. (*Reluctantly*) Well . . . me'd bin hopin' dey forget. . . . Dey not! . . . I as' n'ight de mist-less say—"Mee-Mee!" (like dat!) "you gettin' yo'-self leddy to mally to-morrow—first t'ing?" . . . (*Her voice begins to quaver*) Me gettin' meself leddy now. . . . Plesently she come: plesently she say—"You wife, you not lill' gel any mo'!"

WIO. And then?

MEE. And den? Ah! den me got to die!

WIO. Die? When?

MEE. Me got lill' bottle of "come-wid-me" in here! Hee-hee, hee-hee! . . . Me take it—so: me say to my beautiful new husban—"Yo' health!—

yo' velly good health!" Den me drink. Den me say—"How nice!" Den me die! Den he lef' widower. . . . Oh! poo' man!

WIO. Oh! he'll get over it, bit by bit!
But what will Tikipu say to it?

MEE. Tikipu? Who say "Tikipu"? Who say? Who say?

WIO. Oh, yes! It's all very well for you:
But what will it mean for Tikipu?

MEE. Not'ing. . . . He fo'gotten me.

WIO. Oh, ho?

MEE. He don' care fo' me.

WIO. Oh, ho?

MEE. He don' want me!

WIO. He didn't, you mean, when he went away.
When he returns—perhaps he may!

MEE. Ah, say? Ah, say? O gleat big beautiful wise man, you t'ink dat?

WIO. And if he does—then, what about you?
How can you hope to help Tikipu?

MEE. Ugh! Dat velly easy t'ing, if he really want me. . . . Me say here to myself sometimes, "Now, t'ink, Mee-Mee, t'ink Tiki come all back again! T'ink dat you am his wife! . . . Den he sit like dis, and he paint: an' you—just sit-an'-wait! Plesently he paint—*all* wrong: got to be closs with somebody—of course! Den he closs wid you! an' you—jus' sit-an'-wait! Den he paint '*bominable*: got to beat somebody—beat you, eh? Den de picture come—*all* right! . . . Say, isn't dat de way? What?

De man dat mally *me*—
Gleat artis', see?

WIO. Yes, if he understands, maybe.
Where did you learn all that, Mee-Mee?

MEE. It all inside of me! . . . Dat kind of t'ing come all of itself—me t'ink!

WIO. Ah! That's good! Well, some day you
 Will have to teach that to Tikipu.
 When he returns perhaps you'll find
 Tikipu with an absent mind.
 Wake him tenderly, take him in hand,
 Teach him! Then he will understand. . . .
 There, run along! Yes, go your way;
 Deck yourself out in bridal array,
 Stick gold bodkins into your head,
 Dab your cheeks with patches of red,
 Paint your lips like petals of rose,
 Rub the powder-puff over your nose,
 Play the tricks that you know by heart,
 Color your eyes, and call it "Art."
 And when you stand, after all is done,
 Crowned like a bride in the sight of the sun,
 Then is your time—call Tikipu!
 And he, if he hears, will come to you!

(WIOWANI vanishes into picture.)

MEE. (*Quietly surprised*) Say! . . . Funny picture dat! Mee-Mee, you been asleep?

MRS. O. (*Within*) Now Mee-Mee! Mee-Mee! Mee-Mee!

MEE. Oh! ya-as!

(*She skurries around, collects her toilet-materials, and runs into house. Far away bridal music is heard. Within the picture goes a murmur of soft music. WIOWANI reappears, leading TIKIPU by the hand. TIKIPU steps out of the picture as one walking in his sleep*)

WIO. So you have come back to the world again! There's dawn beginning white against the pane. What does he look like? Does the dream seem true Now you have wakened from it, Tikipu? What? Not awake yet? Ah, soon from your brain All this dead breath shall melt, as from the pane

Melts the white frost! Now, if my labor stands,
 Yonder you hold it!—Go and wash your hands!—
 There's too much paint upon them, and the stain
 Of midnight oils. Catch hold on life again
 Ere it be flown! You know the tale that's told.
 How to my door an Emperor came of old
 And begged, but would not enter. Fortune's clown,
 Burdened with power, he durst not lay it down!
 But there's another tale, that's yet to tell,
 Of one that came, and—loving peace too well,—
 Would not go out! Indolent and unmoved,
 Gifted with powers, he feared to have them proved!
 Chosen of gods, the gods he chose to cheat,
 And here sat lapped in rest with folded feet,
 A tranquil traitor, careless of his kind.
 Go—get you gone, and leave your dreams behind!
 Nay! What have you done yet to earn the rest
 And peace wherein I dwell? Have your hands blest
 Dull clay, or caused the moldering dead to wake?
 Have you so starved, and striven, and toiled to make
 Your vision true: and have you failed and tried,
 And failed and found—only to be denied
 And stand at last a mark for all men's scorn?
 And have you learned that faith is only born
 Out of thick darkness.—horne out of despair,—
 Love out of hate,—and that the world proves fair
 Only through this—the blindness of men's eyes,
 Where to all Beauty goes for sacrifice?
 Ah! though I speak with tongues, he understands
 Nothing at all! Go, go and wash your hands
 In life, and live anew! . . .
 The world awaits you! Good-bye. Tikipu!
 (TIKIPU has turned slowly away, gazing at his
 hands in a daze of grief and humility. WIO-
 WANI vanishes into the picture.

(Re-enter MEE-MEE, wearing her bridal crown.
 TIKIPU continues to move away)

MEE. Tiki! Tikiou!

TIKI. Why, Mee-Mee, is that you? What have you come for? It's . . . it's very early, isn't it? . . . Is any one up? Mee-Mee, what's the matter? You are changed! What has happened since yesterday?

MEE. Since yes'day?

TIKI. It was . . . it was yesterday, wasn't it? Mee-Mee,—how long have I been away?

MEE. For t'ree year, Tiki—t'ree whole year.

TIKI. (*Dumfounded*) Three y——!

MEE. You 'shamed of yo'self, Tiki, eh? What for you come back now? H'm? Los' yo' way, I suppose!

TIKI. Yes, Mee-Mee, . . . it's strange! . . . I've . . . lost lost my way! . . . Three years! And you are not married yet, Mee-Mee?

MEE. What dat matter to you, Mr. Tiki? . . . No . . . not yet. . . . P'laps dat why you come. . . . to see me—*mallied*! . . . Well, den,—you jest in time!

TIKI. (*Realizing for the first time MEE-MEE's bridal array*) Mee-Mee . . . there's something . . . I . . . don't understand.

MEE. Ah ha! So you found dat out!

TIKI. It's gone! Something's gone,—something without which I can't live! Gone!

MEE. Ah! I know what all de matter! I know! Dere! (*She brings out TIKIPU's shoes from hiding-place*) You 'lef' yo' gleat big shoes behin'! I keep dem quite safe all de time! Dere, put dem all on, Tiki! You not grown too big for dem, Tiki? (*She kneels, taps first one foot, then the other, and puts the shoes on his feet. He still stands dazed.*)

TIKI. Gone! . . . Oh! where shall I find help *now*?

MEE. Won' Mee-Mee do? Won' Mee-Mee do?

(He stands disregarding her) You not want me? . . . You not want me, Tiki? . . . Goo'-bye. . . . I'm going to be mallyed to-day . . . yes, to somebody! My Star say to-day, only to-day! . . . ol' maid if I don't mally to-day! . . . Goo'-bye! Ah! Ah!

(She breaks into sudden tremblings and sobbings. TIKIPU turns and looks at her earnestly: round her as she stands the light gradually grows bright. She stretches her hands pleadingly towards him for the last time)

TIKI. Mee-Mee! Mee-Mee! What have you done to yourself? Don't look at me like that! Don't look at me like that! Your eyes are beautiful, Mee-Mee! Shut them or I shall go blind!

MEE. Ah! It come! It come! Say, Tiki, you is wantin' somebody to help you?

TIKI. My who'e life is a want, Mee-Mee! If you come with me you will lose everything!

MEE. I got not'ing to lose, Tiki.

TIKI. You will be hungry!

MEE. I've been hungly for t'ree years, Tiki.

TIKI. Home'less—perhaps!

MEE. I never had a home, Tiki.

TIKI. Friendless!

MEE. Ah, ha!

TIKI. Poor!—poorer than the poorest you have known. Look under this . . . this robe. . . . *(Bewildered, he finds that he is wearing a strange garment)* . . . I have only my old rags. And you—

MEE. *(Showing herself)* I jus' de same!

TIKI. Often I shall neglect you, Mee-Mee: sometimes I may even forget you! For there is something I love more than you! If you come with me, it is to help me to find eyes more wonderful than your own, and a mistress whose bond-slave you also shall be!

THE CHINESE LANTERN

MEE. She velly beautiful. Tiki?

TIKI. I have never seen her. Mee-Mee. But in your eyes I find the reflection of her face!

MEE. Den when I shut dem, you no see her—at all?

TIKI. Open them, Mee-Mee! Open your eyes!
 . . . Oh! . . . Mee-Mee!

(He surrenders himself utterly to her spell. They embrace.)

MEE. Tiki . . . is you awake?

TIKI. Yes! Awake at last!

MEE. You been as'leep for t'ree years, eh? What you been dreaming of, Tiki?

TIKI. I was dreaming of you—all the time!

MEE. Dat true? Ah! What Mee-Mee made for! De man dat mally me—gleat artis'!

(As she clings to him, the song of the bridal procession is heard approaching. They start and listen)

STUDENTS. *(Without)*

Is the lily on the lake?

Is the bride wide awake?

Here's a party come to take her home!

There's a cosy bed to make,

There's a rosy cake to bake,

And there's honey, too, to take from the comb.

MEE. Now dey comin' fo' me!

TIKI. They shan't have you. Mee-Mee! Quick, let us go! *(Knocking is heard without.)*

MEE. No, no . . . it too late now! . . . Go, hidee, Tiki, go hidee!

TIKI. In here! *(They run into pantry.)*

(Enter STUDENTS and APPRENTICES, followed by bearers with hooded palanquin, which is set down, propped on stools, in the centre of the stage)

CHORUS.

Oh, who will go inside?
 Oh, who will bring the bride,
 For the knot to be tied as it ought?
 Give a rat-tat-tat-tat-tat!
 If she doesn't come for that,
 Then the naughty little cat must be caught!
 Phit! Phat! Miaow! Phit! Phat! Miaow!
 Then the naughty little cat must be caught!

NEW. Well, and which of all the blushing doors
 is the right one?

LIL. That's the one!

HITI. Tee-Pee, you and I are the adopted rela-
 tives: we've got to defend it!

(Takes up attitude of defence before door.)

HITI.

Scarecrows avaunt!
 I say ye shan't
 Intrude! It's rude
 And most improper!

TEE.

Robbers, beware!
 This damsel fair
 Who steals,—by heels
 He comes a cropper.

(Plants his foot in LILONG'S stomach and floors him.)

LIL. *(From floor)*

Oh, put aside
 Your family pride!
 Our suit denied
 Deride no more!

HAN.

Let her decide
 With us to ride!

ALL.

Come bride, bride, bride!
 Undo the door! . . .

Bride! come along, bride! Door, door, door!

NAU. Why, she hasn't locked it!

NEW. Laws of Confucius! What a fuss all about nothing! *(They advance to the door.)*

LIL. Take care! She'll scratch you! She's waiting behind the door!

HAN. Fetch her out! Nau-Tee, fetch her out!

(He pushes NAU-TEE into the inner chamber.)

HITI. Have his blood, Mee-Mee! Have his blood!

NAU. Why, she isn't here at all!

HITI. Her feet have beat a modest retreat!

TEE. You'd better have proof she is not in the roof! *(They all run in.)*

STUDENTS. *(Within)*

In the roof? Fetch her out.

Oh, there isn't a doubt

She is somewhere about!

(Quick ascent of ladder is heard.)

We are looking for proof

That she's not in the roof.

(Sing the catch of the cat and the mouse!)

If she isn't up there,

Why then, I declare,

She is hiding herself in the house.

(Meanwhile TIKIPU and MEE-MEE have been trying to steal to the street door: as each attempt fails they retreat precipitately. Immediately on exit of STUDENTS, MEE-MEE runs across to the door, reverses the key, and locks it from the outside.)

MEE. Now, Tiki, quick, quick, quick!

(She throws off bride-dress on to floor.)

TIKI. They are coming back, Mee-Mee!

MEE. No—not yet! Silly man—make me do it all! How you able to run and hide in all dis? *(She pulls off his robe, uncovering the certificate which hangs down his back)* Oh! Tiki, dat what you stole? *(TIKIPU takes it and stares astonished,*

Presently his wonder changes to laughter) Tiki!
 don' laugh like dat! You wastin' time!

TIKI.

Oh! now I know what I have done!
 I'm a thief, Mee-Mee! I must run!
 Poor Yunglangtsi! There, let it stay!
 I'm a much bigger thief to-day:
 I'm stealing *you*!

(Knocking at inner door. TIKIPU throws open the street door: the warm hues of dawn stream in.

TIKI. Dawn, Mee-Mee, dawn! Look how the hands of light

Reach up and lift the covering cowl of night
 From the b'ush-blinded eyes of Heaven! And she,
 Heart-woken, and warm-footed o'er the sea,
 Her face a fountain of desires long stored,
 Goes kindling to the arms of her great lord!
 And lo! he comes rejoicing, and flings gold,
 Till all the earth is with his joy enrolled:
 And every life a mote in his glad beams
 Melts forth to meet him, and, where'er light streams,
 Dance till it drowns! Ah, look! The sun, the sun!
(Knocking.

Shall we go, Mee-Mee?

MEE. Yes! I go! I run!

(They run off, holding hands and laughing.

NAU. *(Within)* Look here, New-Lyn, I say!
 She's locked us in. Go round the other way.

(By the stairs STUDENTS and BEARERS come running just as the door falls, broken from its hinges.

TIKI.

Oh, Boobies sublime!
 She was here all the time!
 She was hiding in here;
 And it didn't occur
 To anyone's mind
 That we'd left her behind!

TEE. O muddle-heads, fuddle-heads, go and kow-tow
 To the cunning of woman!
 PEE. She isn't here now!
 NAU. Oh, but I say!
 LIL. D'you think she's run?
 NEW. If she has—we're *done*!
 ALL. We shall get no pay!

(Enter MRS. and MRS. OLANGTSI)

MRS. O. What's all this about? Who's done that?

(Points to broken door.)

LIL. That was Mee-Mee; she fought like a cat!

NEW. With the kick of her heels she smashed the door!

TEE. She threw the palanquin down on the floor!

HITI. She rent to rags her bridal array!

HAN. She took off her crown and she threw it away!

LIL. Her hair stood up like a cheveaux-de-frise!

NAU. She knocked us head over heels with ease!

NEW. She pulled our pigtails, tore our clothes!

FEE. Her mouth was full of horrible oaths!

TEE. She deafened our ears with dreadful cries!

HAN. She bit off our buttons and scratched our eyes!

HITI. She trod on our toes, she wrenched our thumbs!

NAU. She beat our bodies about like drums.

And then—

TEE.

HAN.

HITI.

LIL.

PEE.

} 'Tis a story that needs no
heightening—
Having given us such a
frightening—
With her witch-like eyes all
whitening—
In a flash, with raiment
brightening—
On our hearts the terror
tightening—

ALL. She vanished away like a flash of lightning!

MRS. O. (*With contemptuous incredulity*) Pah!
Where is she?

(MRS. OLANGTSI advances on them with threaten-
ing gesture. They grovel.

STUDENTS. She . . . Oh, she locked us in! It
wasn't fair! Now was it? It wasn't what we'd
expected. We don't know where she is! We
haven't seen her!

(*Enter, running, JOSI-MOSI and COSI-MOSI*)

JOSI. Where'sh Mee-Mee?

MRS. O. That's what I want to know.

(HITI-TITI picks up poison-phial.

HITI. What's this?

JOSI. (*To COSI*) Ah! She'sh not done it!

MRS. O. Done what?

JOSI. She wash going to poishon herself, you
shilly woman!

COSI. What's all dis mean?

(*Points to bridal preparations.*

(*Enter YUNGLANGTSI gorgeously arrayed as a bride-
groom*)

Where'sh my shecurity? (*Furiously*) You were

going to rob me, were you? You were going to steal a march on me!

HAN. Yes, a wedding march!

(*Pointing to YUNGLANGTSI.*

COSI. My money. My money! Give me my money, or I sell you!

MRS. O. You shan't have your money! You've stolen the girl yourself—you know you have!

OLANG. Yes, they have stolen her! I can see it in their faces! Thieves! Thieves!

MRS. O. They've taken her!

COSI. I have not!

MRS. O. She was here ten minutes ago!

COSI. (*Losing all control*) And if I *had* taken her—I had a right to take her! She was my property! Yes, yes! What right had you to be marrying her to any one? Dat was shtealing, dat was!

MRS. O. You should have thought of that before!

COSI. I'll sell you! I'll sell you still! Dere's de picture, and de furniture!

(*At the word "picture" OLANGTSI shows perturbation; at the word "furniture" MRS. OLANGTSI.*

OLANG. No, no! You mustn't take the picture! That's mine. Give me time, and I'll pay!

COSI. Time? Time? I'll show you what *time* is! Here!—you dere outside—in wid you!

(*Enter BAILIFFS*)

You see dat man? Well, he is a signed-on bankrupt; he is on contract to be sold!

OLANG. You cannot!

COSI. Oh, yes! Dis says "On Demand." (*He shows document*) Where is de gel?

MRS. O. You've taken her!

COSI. You do not deliver her—den I sell you!

(*YUNGLANGTSI, who has been wandering heavy and indifferent from group to group, comes suddenly on his certificate with a cry of rapture.*

YUNG. Ah!!! (*All turn astonished*) Oh! my—my beautiful certificate! Mother! My certificate has come back again!

OLANG. Ah, Tikipu has been here! He has come back to rob me! Where is Tikipu?

COSI. (*To BAILIFFS*) Dere's de warrant to date. Clear dem out! Go and call de folk in from de street!

(*BAILIFFS enter house. One goes into the street with gong and clappers*)

YUNG. Oh, mother! Now I needn't marry Mee-Mee at all, need I? Now I can be a grocer again? Oh!

(*He weeps for joy, and sits fondling the certificate.*)

OLANG. You lout, you! You dreg, you sediment! Get up!

(*Kicks him. YUNGLANGTSI stays lost in the rapture of his discovery. In the street the CRIER is heard crying the sale. APPRENTICES and CRAFTSMEN crowd round Mr. and Mrs. OLANGTSI. Holding out their hands to be paid, they follow them about*)

COSI. Josi, you know how to sell pictures at auction?

JOSI. Shell dem? Dat depends.

COSI. On de picture?

JOSI. No; on what you pay me. At ten per shent I can shell pictures handsomely.

COSI. Give you five.

JOSI. Make it—

COSI. Five.

(*Turns away from him.*)

JOSI. Very well; give me de warrant. (*COSI gives it*) I shall shell it less handsomely, dat'sh all!

. . . Yesh, dish shale is going to be an alarming shacrifice, Coshi. . . . Five per shent!

CRIER. (*Nearer*) A sale! A sale! A sale!

JOSI. Yesh! A shale! Cry it louder! . . . Great shale of pictures, old furniture, and rattle-traps! Change of business! Amazing bargains! Alarming reductions! Heart-rending sacrifice,—at five per shent. Walk up, walk up, and shee de great shale dat is about to commence!

(*Meanwhile the BAILIFFS are carrynig out the furniture. MRS. OLANGTSI falls upon them and beats them; she is hustled back, only to return to the charge. YUNGLANGTSI sits absorbed in the joy of his recovered certificate. Townsfolk crowd in, to a final flourish of the gong*)

COSI. Now den, Josi, begin!

JOSI. Lot number one. Dis is a picture, gentlemen,—some of you may not know it, but it is a picture. . . . It is a shelebrated picture; you might not dink so, but it is shelebrated. . . . It is a picture wid a shtory attached to it: dat makes it an intereshing picture. (*Interruption*) What did de gentleman shay? . . . Quite right; noding else would. As dish is a warrant shale to shatisfy an order of claims it ish not my business to shay anything more than de truth. It ish my own broder I am shelling dish picture for (*consternation of COSI*); dat'sh why I only take five per shent commission;—my usual charge ish ten. Yesh, Cosi, I'm your broder; I've got a shabby coat, but you've got a shabby shoul!

(*Uproarious amusement among the crowd at Josi's revelation of relationship; COSI becomes the butt of jeers and laughter*)

COSI. You give me back dat warrant!

JOSI. Not for ten per shent, broder Coshi!

ALL. Broder Coshi!

COSI. Ah! you shall pay for this! You see! Here, let me go!

(Unable to endure the ridicule and exposure, he pushes his way out)

JOSI. *(Raising his voice in victorious derision)* Going—going—at five per shent! Dat'sh right. Now den, business! Any offer? . . . Don't be in a hurry, gentlemen . . . take your time! De picture is not going to run away: you can examine it, gentlemen, and shee dat dere is no deception. If dere ever wash any deception it was dree hundred years ago, when de man who painted it ran away from his creditors and pretended dat he had gone into de picture. Dere'sh de shtory for you—all complete. . . . Well? What offer? Won't anybody make any offer?

(OLANGTSI pushes forward to bid. APPRENTICES and CRAFTSMEN surround him and hold out their hands demanding money)

CRIER. *(Without)* Only ten sen! Only ten sen! Any buy?

JOSI. Ten sen? Somebody offers ten sen. I presume dat he means ten yen? We'll call it ten yen: de picture's worth it.

CRIER. *(Without)* Only ten sen! Only ten sen!

JOSI. Very well, ten sen! Going at ten sen! Going at ten sen! A picture dat ish dree hundred years old and still going strong! Now is your chance! Dish will not happen again.

OLANG. Ah! ah! ah!

(At the word "going" the picture comes dimly to life. In a veiled indistinctness WIOWANI is seen seated within it. OLANGTSI sees, and lifting his hands wails despairingly. The crowd stares, stolidly amazed)

CRIER. *(Without)* Only ten sen! Only ten sen!

Josi. Well? . . . What for you shtaring at me? I am not de picture! Dere is de picture: a beautiful picture dat shpeaks for itsself! A *real* picture,—wid a shtory in it dat may always come true. What? Will nobody give any more? Very well. At ten sen!—for dish time only—going at ten sen! Going, going. . . . (*He turns*) Gone!!!

(*The picture vanishes*)

CURTAIN

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Modern costumes. 2 interiors. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours! It is—at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing but the Truth," accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—these are the incidents in William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing but the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies of which this country can boast. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SEVENTEEN

A comedy of youth, in 4 acts. By Booth Tarkington. 8 males, 6 females. 1 exterior, 2 interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

It is the tragedy of William Sylvanus Baxter that he has ceased to be sixteen and is not yet eighteen. Baby, child, boy, youth and grown-up are definite phenomena. The world knows them and has learned to put up with them. Seventeen is not an age, it is a disease. In its turbulent bosom the leavings of a boy are at war with the beginnings of a man.

In his heart, William Sylvanus Baxter knows all the tortures and delights of love; he is capable of any of the heroisms of his heroic sex. But he is still sent on the most humiliating errands by his mother, and depends upon his father for the last nickel of spending money.

Silly Bill fell in love with Lolo, the Baby-Talk Lady, a vapid if amiable little flirt. To woo her in a manner worthy of himself (and incidentally of her) he stole his father's evening clothes. When his wooings became a nuisance to the neighborhood, his mother stole the clothes back, and had them altered to fit the middle-aged form of her husband, thereby keeping William at home in the evening.

But when it came to the Baby-Talk Lady's good-bye dance, not to be present was unendurable. How William Sylvanus again got the dress suit, and how as he was wearing it at the party the negro servant, Genesis, disclosed the fact that the proud garment was in reality his father's, are some of the elements in this charming comedy of youth.

"Seventeen" is a story of youth, love and summer time. It is a work of exquisite human sympathy and delicious humor. Produced by Stuart Walker at the Booth Theatre, New York, it enjoyed a run of four years in New York and on the road. Strongly recommended for High School production. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City

KICK IN

Play in 4 acts. By Willard Mack. 7 males, 5 females. 3 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

"Kick In" is the latest of the very few available mystery plays. Like "Within the Law," "Seven Keys to Baldpate," "The Thirteenth Chair," and "In the Next Room," it is one of those thrillers which are accurately described as "not having a dull moment in it from beginning to end." It is a play with all the ingredients of popularity, not at all difficult to set or to act; the plot carries it along, and the situations are built with that skill and knowledge of the theatre for which Willard Mack is known. An ideal mystery melodrama, for high schools and colleges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

TILLY OF BLOOMSBURY

("Happy-Go-Lucky.") A comedy in 3 acts. By Ian Hay. 9 males, 7 females. 2 interior scenes. Modern dress. Plays a full evening.

Into an aristocratic family comes Tilly, lovable and youthful, with ideas and manners which greatly upset the circle. Tilly is so frankly honest that she makes no secret of her tremendous affection for the young son of the family; this brings her into many difficulties. But her troubles have a joyous end in charmingly blended scenes of sentiment and humor. This comedy presents an opportunity for fine acting, handsome stage settings, and beautiful costuming. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

BILLY

Farce-comedy in 3 acts. By George Cameron. 10 males, 5 females. (A few minor male parts can be doubled, making the cast 7 males, 5 females.) 1 exterior. Costumes, modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

The action of the play takes place on the S. S. "Florida," bound for Havana. The story has to do with the disappearance of a set of false teeth, which creates endless complications among passengers and crew, and furnishes two and a quarter hours of the heartiest laughter. One of the funniest comedies produced in the last dozen years on the American stage is "Billy" (sometimes called "Billy's Tombstones"), in which the late Sidney Drew achieved a hit in New York and later toured the country several times. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City

DADDY LONG-LEGS

A charming comedy in 4 acts. By Jean Webster. The full cast calls for 6 males, 7 females and 6 orphans, but the play, by the easy doubling of some of the characters, may be played by 4 males, 4 females and 3 orphans. The orphans appear only in the first act and may be played by small girls of any age. Four easy interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Many readers of current fiction will recall Jean Webster's "Daddy Long-Legs." Miss Webster dramatized her story and it was presented at the Gaiety Theatre in New York, under Henry Miller's direction, with Ruth Chatterton in the principal rôle. "Daddy Long-Legs" tells the story of Judy, a pretty little drudge in a bleak New England orphanage. One day, a visiting trustee becomes interested in Judy and decides to give her a chance. She does not know the name of her benefactor, but simply calls him Daddy Long-Legs, and writes him letters brimming over with fun and affection. From the Foundling's Home she goes to a fashionable college for girls and there develops the romance that constitutes much of the play's charm. The *New York Times* reviewer, on the morning after the Broadway production, wrote the following: "If you will take your pencil and write down, one below the other, the words delightful, charming, sweet, beautiful and entertaining, and then draw a line and add them up, the answer will be 'Daddy Long-Legs.' To that result you might even add brilliant, pathetic and humorous, but the answer even then would be just what it was before—the play which Miss Jean Webster has made from her book, 'Daddy Long-Legs,' and which was presented at the Gaiety last night. To attempt to describe the simplicity and beauty of 'Daddy Long-Legs' would be like attempting to describe the first breath of Spring after an exceedingly tiresome and hard Winter." "Daddy Long-Legs" enjoyed a two-years' run in New York, and was then toured for over three years. It is now published in play form for the first time. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

THE FAMOUS MRS. FAIR

A comedy in 4 acts. By James Forbes. 3 males, 10 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays a full evening.

An absorbing play of modern American family life. "The Famous Mrs. Fair" is concerned with a strenuous lady who returns from overseas to lecture, and consequently neglects her daughter, who is just saved in time from disaster. Acted with great success by Blanche Bates and Henry Miller. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City

NOT SO LONG AGO

Comedy in a Prologue, 3 acts, and Epilogue. By Arthur Richman. 5 males, 7 females. 2 interiors, 1 exterior. Costumes, 1876. Plays a full evening.

Arthur Richman has constructed his play around the Cinderella legend. The playwright has shown great wisdom in his choice of material, for he has cleverly crossed the Cinderella theme with a strain of Romeo and Juliet. Mr. Richman places his young lovers in the picturesque New York of forty years ago. This time Cinderella is a seamstress in the home of a social climber, who may have been the first of her kind though we doubt it. She is interested sentimentally in the son of this house. Her father, learning of her infatuation for the young man without learning also that it is imaginary on the young girl's part, starts out to discover his intentions. He is a poor inventor. The mother of the youth, ambitious chiefly for her children, shudders at the thought of marriage for her son with a sewing-girl. But the Prince contrives to put the slipper on the right foot, and the end is happiness. The play is quaint and agreeable and the three acts are rich in the charm of love and youth. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

THE LOTTERY MAN

Comedy in 3 acts, by Rida Johnson Young. 4 males, 5 females. 3 easy interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

In "The Lottery Man" Rida Johnson Young has seized upon a custom of some newspapers to increase their circulation by clever schemes. Mrs. Young has made the central figure in her famous comedy a newspaper reporter, Jack Wright. Wright owes his employer money, and he agrees to turn in one of the most sensational scoops the paper has ever known. His idea is to conduct a lottery, with *himself* as the prize. The lottery is announced. Thousands of old maids buy coupons. Meantime Wright falls in love with a charming girl. Naturally he fears that he may be won by someone else and starts to get as many tickets as his limited means will permit. Finally the last day is announced. The winning number is 1323, and is held by Lizzie, an old maid, in the household of the newspaper owner. Lizzie refuses to give up. It is discovered, however, that she has stolen the ticket. With this clue, the reporter threatens her with arrest. Of course the coupon is surrendered and Wright gets the girl of his choice. Produced at the Bijou Theater, New York, with great success. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City

TWEEDLES

Comedy in 3 acts, by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. 5 males, 4 females. 1 interior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Julian, scion of the blue-blooded Castleburys, falls in love with Winsora Tweedle, daughter of the oldest family in a Maine village. The Tweedles esteem the name because it has been rooted in the community for 200 years, and they look down on "summer people" with the vigor that only "summer boarder" communities know.

The Castleburys are aghast at the possibility of a match, and call on the Tweedles to urge how impossible such an alliance would be. Mr. Castlebury laboriously explains the barrier of social caste, and the elder Tweedle takes it that these unimportant summer folk are terrified at the social eminence of the Tweedles.

Tweedle generously agrees to co-operate with the Castleburys to prevent the match. But Winsora brings her father to realize that in reality the Castleburys look upon them as inferiors. The old man is infuriated, and threatens vengeance, but is checkmated when Julian unearths a number of family skeletons and argues that father isn't a Tweedle, since the blood has been so diluted that little remains. Also, Winsora takes the matter into her own hands and outfaces the old man. So the youngsters go forth triumphant. "Tweedles" is Booth Tarkington at his best. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

JUST SUPPOSE

A whimsical comedy in 3 acts, by A. E. Thomas, author of "Her Husband's Wife," "Come Out of the Kitchen," etc. 6 males, 2 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

It was rumored that during his last visit the Prince of Wales appeared for a brief spell under an assumed name somewhere in Virginia. It is on this story that A. E. Thomas based "Just Suppose." The theme is handled in an original manner. Linda Lee Stafford meets one George Shipley (in reality is the Prince of Wales). It is a case of love at first sight, but, alas, princes cannot select their mates and thereby hangs a tale which Mr. Thomas has woven with infinite charm. The atmosphere of the South with its chivalry dominates the story, touching in its sentiment and lightened here and there with delightful comedy. "Just Suppose" scored a big hit at the Henry Miller Theatre, New York, with Patricia Collinge. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City

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RAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 40th Street, New York City

ARE YOU A MASON?

Farce in 3 acts. By Leo Ditrichstein. 7 males, 7 females. Modern costumes. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours. 1 interior.

"Are You a Mason?" is one of those delightful farces like "Charley's Aunt" that are always fresh. "A mother and a daughter," says the critic of the New York Herald, "had husbands who account for absences from the joint household on frequent evenings, falsely pretending to be Masons. The men do not know each other's duplicity, and each tells his wife of having advanced to leadership in his lodge. The older woman was so well pleased with her husband's supposed distinction in the order that she made him promise to put up the name of a visiting friend for membership. Further perplexity over the principal liar arose when a suitor for his second daughter's hand proved to be a real Mason. . . . To tell the story of the play would require volumes, its complications are so numerous. It is a house of cards. One card wrongly placed and the whole thing would collapse. But it stands, an example of remarkable ingenuity. You wonder at the end of the first act how the fun can be kept up on such a slender foundation. But it continues and grows to the last curtain." One of the most hilariously amusing farces ever written, especially suited to schools and Masonic Lodges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

KEMPY

A delightful comedy in 3 acts. By J. C. Nugent and Elliott Nugent. 4 males, 4 females. 1 interior throughout. Costumes, modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

No wonder "Kempy" has been such a tremendous hit in New York, Chicago—wherever it has played. It snaps with wit and humor of the most delightful kind. It's electric. It's small-town folk perfectly pictured. Full of types of varied sorts, each one done to a turn and served with zestful sauce. An ideal entertainment for amusement purposes. The story is about a highfalutin' daughter who in a fit of pique marries the young plumber-architect, who comes to fix the water pipes, just because he "understands" her, having read her book and having sworn to marry the authoress. But in that story lies all the humor that kept the audience laughing every second of every act. Of course there are lots of ramifications, each of which bears its own brand of laughter-making potentials. But the plot and the story are not the main things. There is, for instance, the work of the company. The fun ~~given~~ ^{given} of this family mixup is lively and clean. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 219 West 45th Street, New York City

FRENCH'S

Standard Library Edition

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Owen Davis	Aaron Hoffman	Edward E. Rose
Austin Strong	H. V. Esmond	Marc Connelly
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Martin Flavin	Frederick Lonsdale	Robert Housum
Victor Mapes	Bryon Ongley	Carlisle Moore
Kate Douglas Wiggin	Rex Beach	Salisbury Field
Rida Johnson Young	Paul Armstrong	Leo Dietrichstein
Margaret Mayo	H. A. Du Souchet	Harry James Smith
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